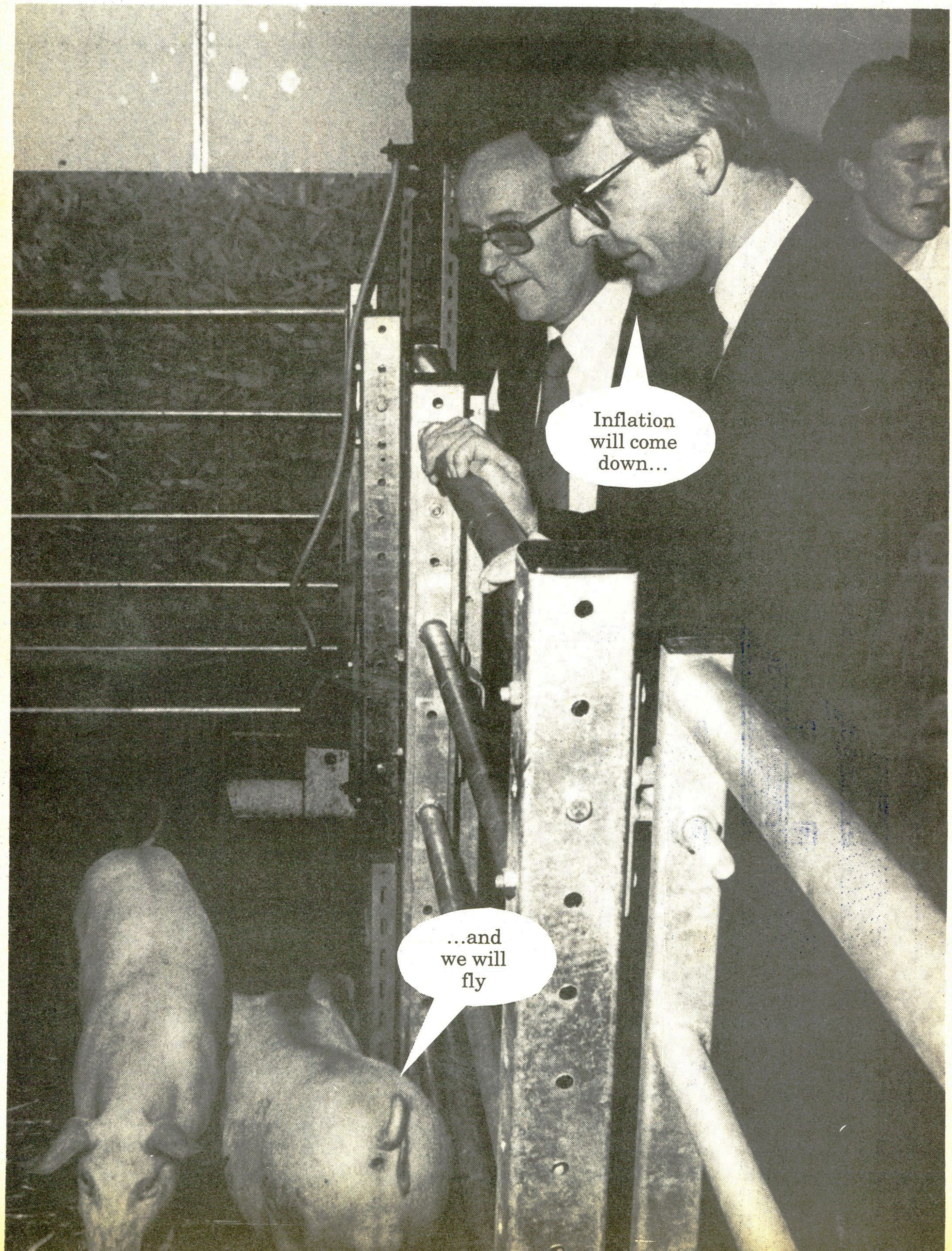
No. 751
Friday
28 Sept. '90

PRIVATE EYE

70p

HELLO!

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT INSIDE!



Before the booms, crashes and bangs, the City Programme brings you the rumblings.

If there's one thing you can be sure of in the City, it's that you can't be sure of anything.

Whether you're a mover and a shaker or a watcher and a dabbler, it makes no difference.

No deal is a 'sure thing', no crisis unavoidable. Until it actually happens.

Which is one of the main reasons the City Programme is watched avidly by up to 800,000 people per week.

(Not bad for a specialised programme that's only seen by viewers in the Thames region.)

But who, you may well ask, are these viewers?

City people trying to stay – as they might put it – 'up to speed'?

Or merely interested observers with no direct involvement in the Square Mile? The answer is both.

In the 80's the City suddenly became 'glamorous'. Privatisation created seven million first-time shareholders.

And people began to realise that not only does the City daily deal with sums of money far greater than the national budgets of most countries, but that it also wields a power far greater than many governments.

This, of course, is the stuff of the box office blockbuster and week-in week-out viewing. Enter the 'City Programme'.

Broadcast live, its content is continuously updated by reports that keep coming in while it's on air.

"Thursday is a great news day," says Terry Kelleher, the programme's creator and editor.

Every arrest in the Guinness case, it seems, happened on a Thursday and each time the City Programme's cameras were there.

And while the press were still casting the runes and consulting the tea-leaves, the City Programme was already breaking other such major stories as Sotheby's secret loans portfolio for clients' art purchases. (Including Alan Bond's £30m Van Gogh), the government's attempt to censor analysts' views on privatisation issues and the exposure of a secret dossier highly critical of Lloyd's of London's administration.

But not all our stories are headline news or major exposés.

Like any other community, the City has its own share of human interest stories too. The £80 thousand a year dealer who gave it all up to become a vicar, for example.

And the Prudential policy-holder who was informed via a faulty computer that he owed the company ninety-nine instalments each of £9,999,999.

"Ultimately," says Kelleher, "it's our job to crack the mystique that surrounds the City."

"10.30 on Thursday night isn't exactly prime time, but we've turned it into prime time."

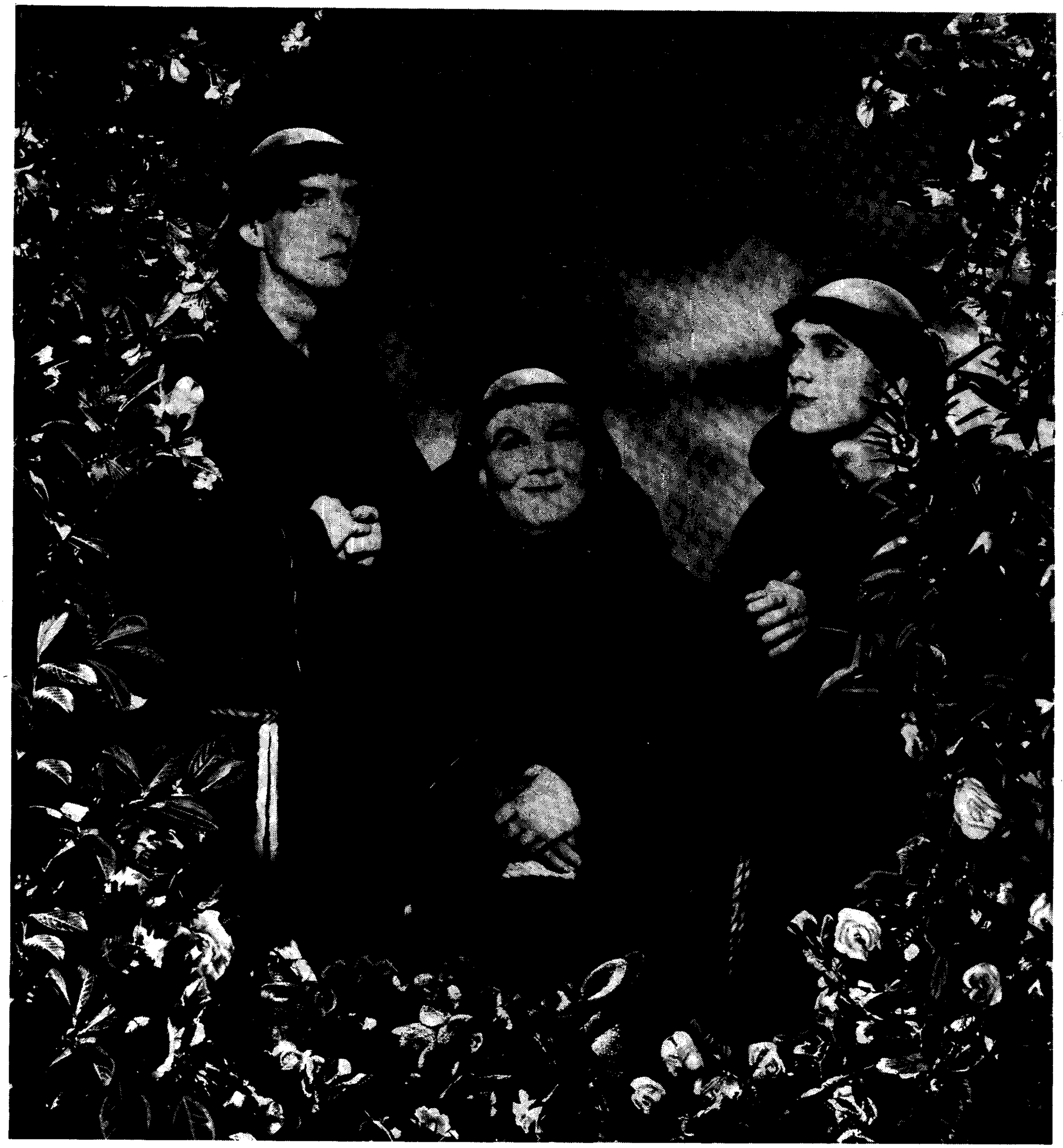
Which explains why the likes of Murdoch, Branson, Maxwell and Hanson are all prepared to grant the City Programme interviews at short notice.

These, together with a meltdown of news stories, bulletins and international satellite link-ups, judiciously crammed into a very rapid half-hour, make for a programme that is always compelling viewing.

THAMES TELEVISION

And one that, on occasion, has been known to send tremors through the City.

THAMES. A TALENT FOR TELEVISION.



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From September 16 to November 10 when you buy a Young Persons Railcard you get an extra 3 months free. If you're aged 16-23, it only costs £16 and gives you up to ⅓ off rail fares for 15 months. Why not get into the habit of using one? Pick up a leaflet at main BR stations or Rail Appointed Travel Agents.

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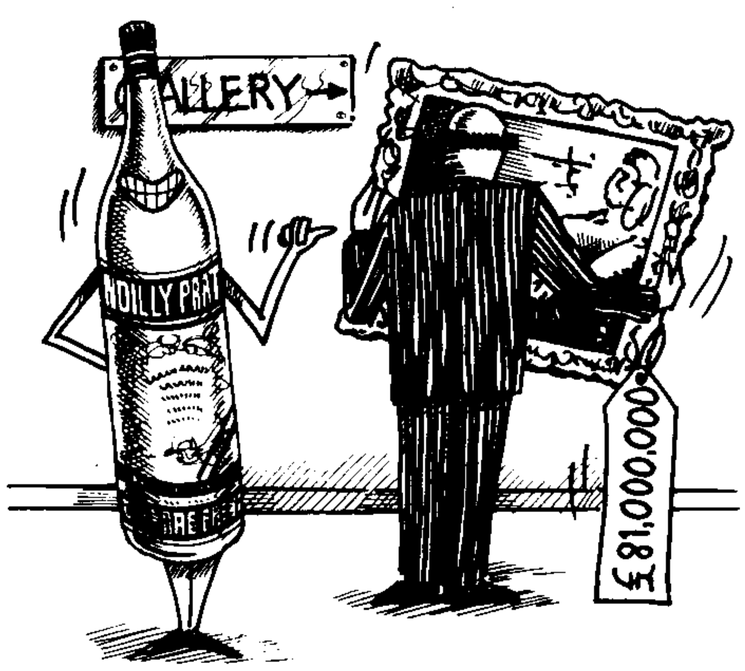

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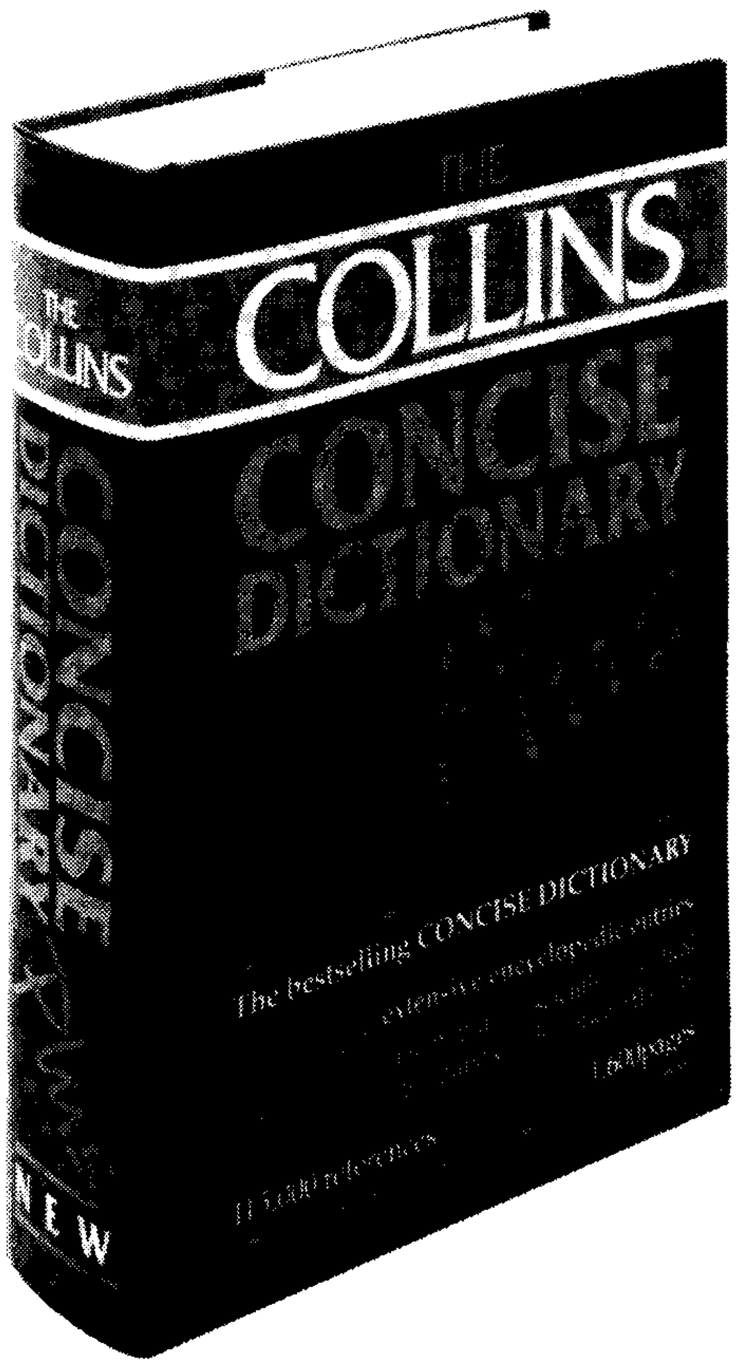

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Gnome

A statement from the chairman of Polly Gnome International:

I WISH to make a full and frank statement to the press to prevent any misunderstandings and clear up any uncertainty over the temporary problems of my pineapples-to-bankruptcy conglomerate.

1 The Serious Fraud Office came to see me at my request.

2 I had a number of questions to ask them which they answered satisfactorily.

3 I am totally confident that the SFO has not acted improperly in this case, though I have seen fit to caution them.

4 Er...

5 That's it.

Anyone who wishes to suggest anything to the contrary will immediately receive a writ from my lawyers, Messrs Sue, Grabbit & Runne.

Lord Gnadir,
c/o Polly Gnome
(incorporating The Del Boy Fruit Company),
Litigios,
Turkey.

BANANABALLS FUND

AFTER the successful Court of Appeal hearing in October last year, *Private Eye* raised approximately £100,000 from its readers. The whole of that sum was dedicated by the magazine to the surviving victims or next of kin of those who died as a result of the crimes for which Peter Sutcliffe was convicted at the Old Bailey in 1981.

We have now made distributions to 16 of the victims and relatives of victims out of the original 20, and the fund must be shortly wound up. If we cannot contact the remaining four by the end of October, the balance of the fund will be distributed among the known 16 victims and relatives.

PRIVATE EYE

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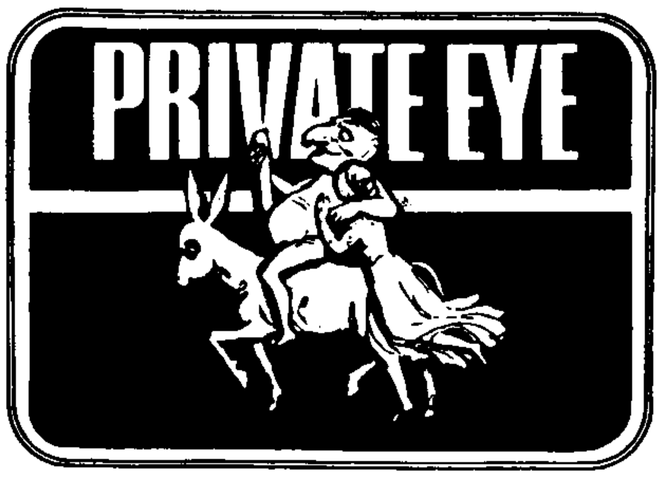


COLOUR SECTION

ONE CASUALTY of the Gulf crisis appears to be Mrs Thatcher's policy of No Dealing With Terrorists — particularly Syria.

Military advisers have warned her that success in the Gulf depends very much on the friendship — or at worst the neutrality — of the Syrian government under its Saddam-style dictator, President Assad.

It is not long since Britain and the United States cut off diplomatic relations with the country because of its connections with terrorism; but all is now forgotten and once more sweetness and light.

Thatcher and Bush have already agreed that they will not pursue any further the terrorists who bombed the plane over Lockerbie (*Eye* 748), since they are known to be close to the Syrian government. This new policy extends to Iran and the Lebanon, and reached its climax on 11 September when the British ambassador in Beirut met the spiritual leader of the terrorist organisation Hizbollah, Sheikh Faddalah.

The two men were very nice to each other. No tactless reference was made, for example, to the occasion some years back when the late boss of the CIA, Bill Casey, paid an SAS officer half a million dollars to terminate the sheikh. The SAS officer rather over-reacted by placing a 2000lb car bomb outside the apartment block where he believed the sheikh was staying. It killed dozens of people in the street, but not a single one of the Hizbollah leadership.

JUST AS the Government prepares for an autumn offensive against Iraq, an embarrassing reminder of its recent tolerance towards Saddam Hussein is due for release.

Earlier revelations about the London-based Technology and Development Group and its role in the Supergun affair have been conveniently glossed over by Whitehall. However, the Iraqi purchase of a weapons plant in Northern Ireland (*Eye* 740) was under investigation by Bill Jack, the local auditor and comptroller general, even before those unfortunate raids in Sheffield.

Dr Jack's report is due to land on the desk of Stormont minister Richard Needham in the next few weeks, with publication taking place shortly afterwards (probably late on a Friday afternoon or a busy news day). It is expected to criticise the procedures which allowed the sale of the state-owned Lear Fan site to the private sector, and its subsequent resale to the late Dr Gerald Bull at a huge premium.

Unfortunately, the auditor's terms of reference will restrict comments to the financial aspects of the deal, with the Government's initial willingness to allow Iraq to buy the site being immune from criticism. This is unlikely to lessen the embarrassment of Needham, who was forced to step in and rescind the sale to the Iraqis, despite earlier clearance from the Ministry of Defence.

AFTER their success with directory inquiries — first promising there would be no charge; then charging for each inquiry — the managers of the richest and most powerful monopoly in the country, British Telecom, are looking for more ways to cut services in order to inflate their already huge salaries and shareholdings.

One trick is to encourage people to buy their own telephones. This will "save" British Telecom millions in sacked engineers because BT is not obliged to service such telephones (it is obliged to service those it installs). In expansive ads, Telecon is telling people the phones they can buy in the shops can make their own alarm calls and provide other services usually associated with operators. They don't add the small print: namely that you can only make such calls if you are on a digital exchange and that you also have to subscribe to BT's highly profitable subsidiary, Star Services.

Whether or not people buy their own phones and subscribe to Star is of little consequence to BT, which intends to scrap its operators anyway. A drastic plan is under way for the mass closure of exchanges and the closures will, according to the usual BT formula, hit worst where demand is greatest — namely in London.

Last year there were 25 London operator service exchanges; by 1995 there will, according to the current plan, be 11. Even this may not be the last word. When operators at Chingford heard their exchange was to close in 1992, they put in for a transfer to Ilford. Most rejoiced when their applications succeeded. Now Ilford is to close the following year.

British Telecom is a free enterprise company, so operators have been told that if anyone complains or leaks any information to the press, they can be prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act.

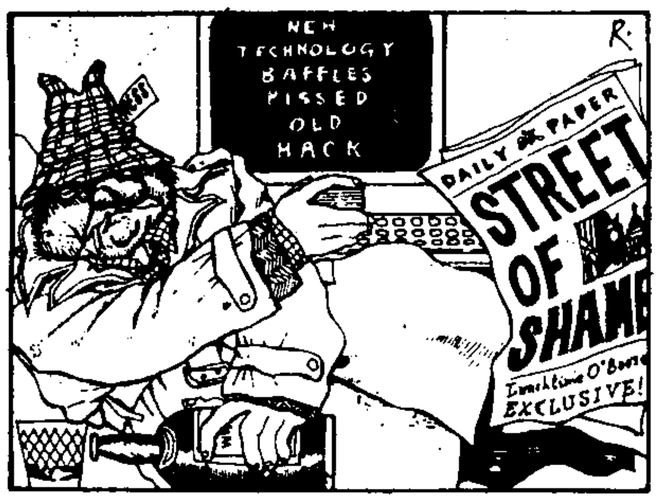
A DISTURBING report reaches the *Eye* from P&O, the company run by Thatcher knight Sir Jeffrey Sterling.

It examines the crash of P&O's European Endeavour in July. The ferry, fully-loaded with passengers and vehicles from Zeebrugge, smashed into the sea wall as it came into Dover's Eastern Dock in the early hours of the morning. The hull was caved in and it was only because of the relatively calm water in the harbour and sheer good luck that the car decks were not flooded and the ferry did not heel over.

An internal inquiry discovered that the crash was caused by a "mistake" on the bridge watch, when the ferry was not turned on to manual control as it ought to have been. It was left on automatic control and was stopped from a head-on collision, which would certainly have sunk the ferry, only in the nick of time. Suddenly realising the mistake, the captain switched to manual and swung the ferry round so that it hit the wall a glancing blow.

One officer (as yet unnamed) was sacked and two others disciplined; but the real cause for concern — namely that if the hull is holed for whatever reason, the ferry is liable to capsize in seconds — has not been dealt with.

"BINGO!"



AN INTERESTING conversation has taken place between the editor of the *Sunday Times* and the most powerful man in Britain, Rupert Murdoch, the paper's owner.

Mr Murdoch (in spite of being the most powerful man in Britain, he does not live here and communicates mainly by telephone) was "a little worried" about the tone of the rag's coverage of the Gulf crisis. He was concerned that it might be thought, how could he put it, a "little gung-ho".

Murdoch referred obliquely to the enormous coverage given to the build-up of weapons, which is supplied each week "exclusively" by the Ministry of Defence to its man in the *Sunday Times*, James Adams. Murdoch felt these articles rather crudely reflected the views of most people in the MoD and the Pentagon. These views were sensitively summed up by the US general who said troops were in the Gulf to "kick Saddam's butt". Now that another military chieftain had been sacked in the US for saying the same thing, couldn't the tone be moderated a little?

Mr Murdoch knows very well that he could not and should not interfere with his editor's own judgement and was thus delighted when Andrew Neill agreed with him. The next issue of the *Sunday Times* (23 September) managed not to mention the Gulf crisis on the front page and relegated Adams's weapons fetishism to page 94.

This is not so much of interest as an exercise in free publishing, as a sign of the times. One of the interesting effects of the long delay while troops build up ready to kick Saddam's butt is that moguls like Murdoch (who has borrowed billions of pounds to build up his empire) are growing distinctly uneasy about the economic consequences of a hot war.

A COUPLE of months ago, the unstylish "Style" section of the *Sunset Times* ran a dismal feature by an American hackette who had infiltrated a couple of escort agencies in New York.

The paper's editor, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill, was so excited by this piece that he asked the editor of the section to commission a similar article about London escort agencies.

When effusive hackette Kate Saunders was approached with the suggestion that she might like to go undercover and become an escort girl, she sniffly declined. Instead someone in the office suggested, rather gratuitously, that the paper could learn everything it needed to know about the subject by consulting some of the names in Andrew Neill's address book.

THE introverted, semi-comatose world of *Financial Times* newsletters has been rocked to its foundations by the discovery of some serious administrative irregularities within its tawdry HQ at Tower House, Covent Garden.

These include massive payroll-padding, over-ordering of stationery on a heroic scale, and many smaller humoresques, including systematic looting of the hacks' coffee and tea supplies. The hacks, of course, never noticed. A number of heads are expected to roll within the ramshackle Pearson management structure, and Inspector Knacker has been invited to call.

The scale of the looting, it is said, would have been enough to sink smaller publishers. Much of the newly-discovered loss had, in recent years, been marked down to various newsletters' profit-and-loss accounts, thus rendering them vulnerable to the chop.

FT Newsletters pugnacious skipper Dennis Kiley, with 20 or more titles under his command, felt obliged to jettison several passengers on the way. Their former editors may now be wondering whether, if someone had kept a closer eye on the books, they might still be in a job.

MORE astonishing allegations have appeared in the sober and respected trade journal *Electrical Review* — this time concerning the *Times*'s quiffed new editor Simon Jenkins.

It was *Electrical Review*, *Eye* readers will recall, that first broke the story of the notorious lunch attended by energy secretary John Wakeham at stockbrokers Kitcat & Aitken in the City.

As reported in *Eye* 747, Wakeham told the throng not to let silly scare stories about the greenhouse effect put them off buying electricity shares. Anyway, he said, they could flog them off at a profit long before the privatised industry would be obliged to spend huge sums cleaning up its act.

This *Eye* report somehow came to the notice of someone at *The Times* who still knows how to read and, according to *Electrical Review*, reporters there were instructed to find "those present at the infamous lunch.

"*The Times* journalists were convinced. They prepared a big shock-horror-probe article naming names... At 7.15 pm its new editor, Simon Jenkins, read the story. He instantly realised the full implications of such a tale reaching... the full weight of the British establishment. So 15 minutes before printing he singlehandedly removed the story."

Could this be the same Simon Jenkins who, as a member of the Calcutt Commission, set out to tell the rest of the press how to behave? Surely not!

STEWART STEVEN'S *Mail on Sunday* has notched up another fine "scoop".

On 16 September the rag revealed "for the first time" that Al Capone's brother, James Vincenzo Capone, aka Richard Hart, had been a law officer.

In fact the truth about James Capone/Richard Hart has been common knowledge for almost 50 years. Not only did Kenneth Allsop refer to Richard Capone in his 1961 book *The Bootleggers*, but John Kobler's 1971 biography *Capone* states that back in 1940 the American press had looked deep into the matter and concluded that James Vincenzo Capone/Richard "Two Gun" Hart was a fraud.

Stewart Steven, the man who once discovered Martin Boorman alive and well in South America, must be delighted with his remarkable "scoop".

FOLLOWING the embarrassment of David Skan's drunken exploits in the summer, the *Evening Standard* hack was instructed to go on a course of alcoholic rehabilitation.

Skan never bothered to enrol and, for some reason, the powers that be at the *Standard* appear to have forgotten about his problem. That would explain why Skan was last week sent to interview Soho's most famous tippler, Jeffrey Bernard — surely a no more fatal combination of kindred spirits could be imagined?

Meeting Bernard in the Groucho Club and later repairing to the Coach and Horses in Greek Street, Skan did not return to the office that day.

David Skan is unwell... and has also been dismissed.

IN AN ACT of fantastic hypocrisy, Andrew Neill's *Sunset Times* is refusing to honour its contract with Tom Maschler of Jonathan Cape over its serialisation of extracts from KGB spy George Blake's memoirs.

The *Sunset Times* originally agreed to pay Cape £50,000 for the privilege of serialising the traitor's confessions. Anxious not to appear as if it were paying Blake, the paper dressed the excerpts up to look as if they were part of an interview conducted by Philip Knightley (who actually spent only a couple of hours with Blake).

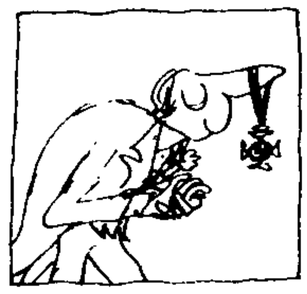
Now the *Sunset Times* has decided to renege on the serialisation deal on the ground that the *Grauniad*'s Richard Norton-Taylor broke the embargo on reviews of the book.

IT WAS AN ominous precedent when the *Observer* allowed LWT's arts supremo Melvyn Bragg the space for a large right-of-reply to John Naughton's TV review the previous week.

Naughton criticised *The South Bank Show* for degenerating into an arm of the PR industry. Barg was so put out by the review that he persuaded his fellow Garrick Club member and *Observer* editor Donald "Busy" Trelford to publish a response.

It is difficult to decide which is the more pathetic — Barg's desperate insecurity on the subject of puffery or "Busy's" willingness to publish his reply.

O.B.N.



We would like to take this opportunity to thank you, our readers, for your incredible response to the edition of HELLO! in which we published a unique report on the Duke and Duchess of York in their family environment. This reflected, with the most delicate of taste, an authentic, albeit rarely seen, facet of their lives and one, although naturally limited by their official obligations, they clearly enjoy most... This they did by allowing us — on behalf of you, our readers — to enter their home with our cameras and share moments with this happy and united family who, at the same time, are able to carry out their innumerable official duties with the utmost dedication.

Hello! Magazine

Submitted by Keith Money.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

THE REASON for American hackette Pat Miller's sacking as books editor of the *Evening Standard*, to be replaced by world-famous interviewer A.N. Wilson, can now be revealed.

Apparently the paper's editor, John Leese, couldn't bear listening to her raucous laugh...

IN SPITE of the supposed "recruitment freeze" at Wapping, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill is pressing ahead with his masterplan to sign up every journalist in Britain and give each of them a column to write.

So unpleasant is the atmosphere, however, that they keep leaving as fast as he can hire them. Former *Indie* foreign hack Christopher Gilbert, who was signed up earlier in the summer, has already resigned in despair, even though he has no other job to go to.

More abrupt still is the *Sunset Times* career of crime reporter David Rose, who was poached from the *Grauniad* two months ago. Andrew Neill was much impressed by a "scoop" of Rose's in the *Grauniad* which to the delight of Inspector Knacker had some unkind words to say about the Guildford Four. It seemed to promise well. But after his arrival at the *ST*, Rose kept submitting articles about police corruption and suchlike, which were not thought suitable for a law-abiding newspaper such as the *Sunset Times*. Almost all of them were spiked.

But Rose's gravest offence was to turn up for work on a hot day wearing shorts. "You are not at the *Guardian* now," a *Sunset Times* executive told him primly. "You will go home until you can learn to dress correctly." A furious Rose changed into a spare pair of long trousers he had with him, but later rang Donald "Busy" Trelford at the *Observer* to ask whether he wanted a crime correspondent. Rose began work at the *Observer* last week as home affairs correspondent.

COMMONWEALTH

IT IS WITH great sadness that the *Eye* announces the resignation of Saul Froomkin, attorney-general of Bermuda.

Readers may recall that Froomkin was associated with a Dr Berry Rider of Jesus College, Cambridge in various endeavours, including the practice of double invoicing. When the *Eye* revealed this, Froomkin attempted to resort to Messrs Sue Grabbit & Runne, but latterly has thought better of it.

The reasons for his resignation have not been made clear, although it was officially accepted on 21 September, effective from 31 January next. The resignation was in fact presented on 6 September, but for some peculiar reason was not disclosed at the time. Froomkin was in Singapore at a security conference when the announcement was made and was unavailable for comment.

COMPUTERS

LAST June the Inland Revenue awarded Bull HN Information Systems a massive contract to supply it with computer terminals. The cost to the taxpayer will be some £50 million.

Bull is the subsidiary of the French Groupe Bull, itself part owned by the French government. Last week the French industry minister, Roger Fauroux, urged the company to form an alliance with another European computer maker as its losses for the first six months of this year are a record FFr 11.88bn.

Bull does not really need such advice as it has been tendering for just about every UK contract available.

When the Revenue wanted to replace its older system, its specifications were such that IBM, ICL and Philips all felt no one manufacturer could manage the contract and they therefore did not tender. Not so Bull — the *only* tender.

This could create complications within the Revenue. Its M3 Division, which handles all data processing and was once held up for its excellence in government, has been through two changes of director since last year and is seen by many to be weakened by this.

Privately, those in the computer industry say the Bull tender will be difficult to complete and may not even do the job required. Bull's tender document omitted some basic specifications regarding health and safety, particularly concerning screens. This will not go down very well with the Inland Revenue Staffs Association, which is very aggressive in these matters.

One would hope the computers will work and that the Public Accounts Committee will not have to look into the matter in the next year or two if things go wrong.

TUC

PETER Mandelson, ex-Labour Party media guru and now overpaid hype merchant, has been given a severe comeuppance by Acas, the trade union arbitration body, following his quite atrocious treatment of his personal assistant.

Mandelson accused his PA, Phyllis Lovett, of leaking an internal memo. Ms Lovett, who is regarded as a likeable and very efficient person, fiercely denied the charge.

At a disciplinary meeting, the luckless Ms Lovett was issued with a final warning by Mandelson, despite the fact that no witnesses nor evidence was presented. When the Labour Party HQ unions appealed, Mandelson gave Larry Whitty, the Labour Party general-secretary, his "evidence" — three secret witnesses to the alleged leak. Slavishly Whitty, without asking who the witnesses were, went along with Mandelson's claims that the witnesses would bear him out.

Mysteriously, when the appeal came around, the number of Mandelson's secret witnesses had dropped from three to one. Ms Lovett's union was incensed that a union member and, even worse, a Labour Party employee, should be charged on the evidence of a witness who could not be questioned, assuming that the witnesses existed, of course. The Labour Party management was not interested: the union appeal was rejected and Ms Lovett was still told she had to go. In the new-look Labour Party HQ, none of these dubious procedures prevented Ms Lovett's removal.

"Excuse me, sir — according to a recent poll, four out of five people are unclear as to what the Liberal Democrats stand for and I wonder..."

"Who are the Liberal Democrats?"

THE EUROPEAN

WITH THE end of the reign of Jacques Delors as president of the European Commission in sight, talk in the Berlaymont now centres on who will succeed Mrs Thatcher's great *bête noire* when he returns to Paris to assume his ultimate destiny as the leader of France.

Will the sly Dutch premier Ruud Lubbers take up where the Gallic leftie left off? "Rude", as we know him in our palatial headquarters, once let it be known that he wouldn't take Europe's top job for all the *pommes frites* and *moules marinières* in Brussels. The latest guttural murmurings from inside Christian Democratic headquarters in The Hague, however, are different. Now it seems anything is possible — meaning he wants the job.

If Thatcher-clone "Rude" doesn't take the presidency, the each-way bet is that Belgium's stick-in-the-mud PM Wilfried Martens will get it. If we've got to have a Beneluxer we can only pray that one or other will be better than Delors' predecessor from the Grand Duchy, the Ruritanian end of Benelux. Gaston Thorn was the sleepy Luxembourger whose speciality was stirring up apathy. Readers will remember he invented Eurosclerosis singlehanded.

A YEAR'S supply of cherry-flavoured waffles for the reader with the most convincing explanation why Leon Brittan has stopped speaking to John Drew, the commission's man in London. Brittan has been said to think that Drew is too stupid for him to talk to. Such an explanation is obviously false given Leon's own behaviour in the Westland affair.

'Jack D. Lors'

UN NEWS

THE COST of a table for dinner at the Hunger Project's big feast on 27 September, timed to coincide with the UN general assembly, has been set at a bloated $5,000 (tax deductible).

Among the suckers inveigled on to the honorary committee are the heads of UNICEF, UNDP, the Ford Foundation, Desmond Tutu, Jessie Jackson and Barber B Conable, president of the World Bank.

Unlike *Eye* readers, these luminaries may not have heard of the Hunger Project's founder, Werner Erhard, and his dubious cults, est and Forum. But they should be able to read a balance sheet.

The latest figures available from the "charity's" filings with the US government are very eloquent. From 1977 to 1989, the Hunger Project raised $67,218,046 from suckers like them. It *gave* a mere 2.73 per cent of its income, $1,838,065 in grants.

Needless to say the grants were not necessarily made to the starving. One million went to a foundation in prosperous Costa Rica which, coincidentally, was once the conduit for a $15 million, 2 per cent loan to ex-secondhand car salesman Erhard. Most of the other 97 per cent of the HP's income went on administrative expenses. One hopes the guests will have the decency to choke on their din-

Great Conmen of Today No 94...

WILFRED DE'ATH has responded to our item in the last issue about his exploits in Charlbury, Oxfordshire, whence he absconded without paying a £1,200 bill for his stay at The Bell Hotel.

Instead, he left a note inviting the hapless hotelier to forward the bill to Opera North. De'Ath is writing a book about Opera North for Andre Deutsch and has written to us denying that he failed to make arrangements to pay the £1,200 bill: "My arrangement with Opera North is that they agreed to pick up my hotel bills pending the arrival of a fat advance for my book about them from Tom 'Snipcock' Rosenthal at Andre Deutsch. So there."

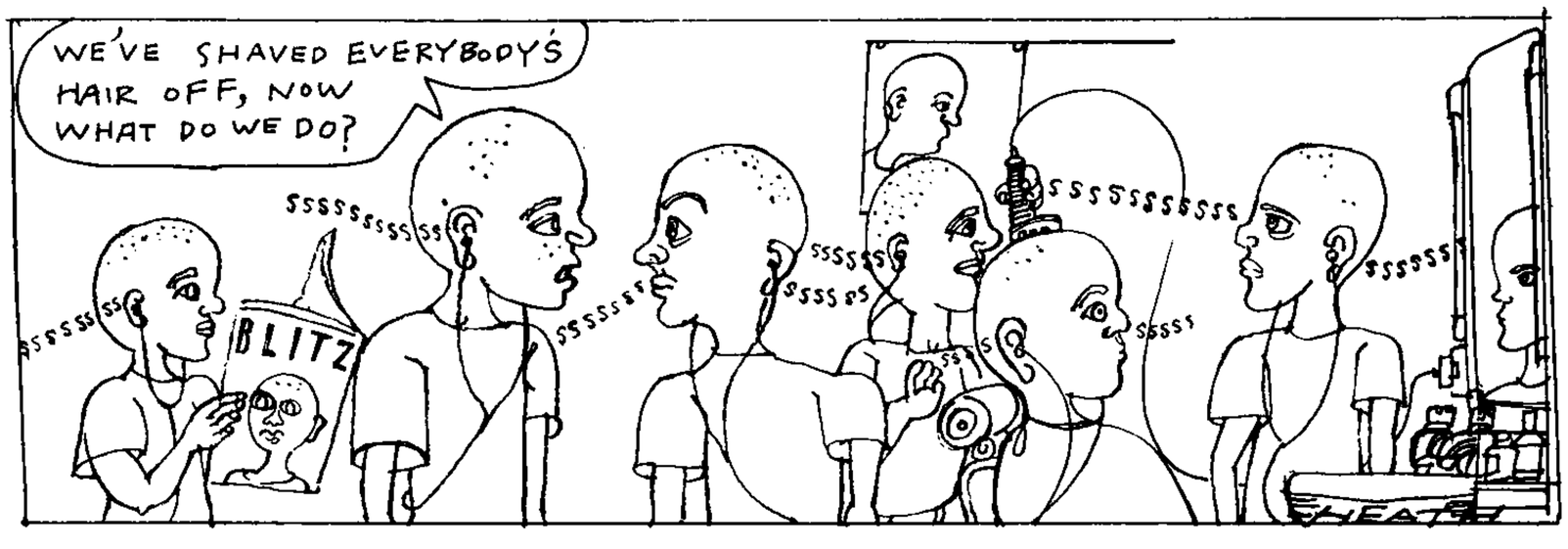
Opera North, however, denies that there is any such arrangement, although it agreed to pay for his accommodation in Leeds. De'Ath's letter was written on notepaper from The Randolph Hotel in Oxford, which will no doubt take heed of our story.

De'Ath seems to have a liking for hotel notepaper. The day after his flight from Charlbury, several local residents who had rumbled his game of seeking small loans and had therefore warned off others, received some unpleasant letters through the post. They were on Bell Hotel notepaper and purported to come from the proprietor. One was sent to the owner of the local bookshop, advising him that his drunken behaviour would no longer be tolerated at The Bell and that if he returned, the police would be called. Another was sent to a local writer, telling him that his standards of dress and cleanliness were inadequate; and yet another was sent to a retired academic who lives next door to the hotel. He was told that if he failed to keep his dog under control, it would be put down. Inspector Knacker has now been informed about these poison-pen letters and an investigation under the Malicious Communications Act has begun with De'Ath as the only suspect.

The *Eye* has also hear from a Detective Constable Newbold of the West Yorkshire Police who says that he is pursuing various inquiries into De'Ath's activities on behalf of the Thames Valley Police. Unfortunately, he was unable to elaborate.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



● *I AM DELIGHTED to hear that crime novelist Tim Heald is to write a biography of Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh.*

I presume that this will be a thorough job and that Heald will seek to interview those who have been Prince Philip's confidantes over the years, such as the actress Anna Massey and the arts journalist Gillian Widdicombe. Proper tribute, too, should be paid to the late Sir James Carreras, the ex-chief of Hammer Films, who performed the sterling service of arranging introductions between Prince Philip and various artistes.

THE FINAL deliberation for the Booker Prize shortlist was held at the Athenaeum Club, Pall Mall, where one of the judges, Harvard academic Walter Litz, is a member.

Afterwards, Litz invited two of the female judges, Kate Saunders and Susannah Clapp, to join him for a drink in the dismal club's drawing-room. Not only were they told drinks would not be available until 4.30pm, but they were also informed that the club does not serve drinks to *women* in the drawing-room anyway.

The hackettes left noisily to search elsewhere for something with which to toast *their* exclusion of "Boys' books" from the Booker list.

● *To Albemarle Street for the launch of my colleague Michael Heath's new cartoon book, published by John Murray.*

The occasion is marred by the Daily Mail's emotional book critic, Ms Val Hennessy, who launches into a ferocious attack on elegant Soho first-nighter Norman Balon.

I am told that La Hennessy has not forgotten Balon's libel action following her description of him as "crapulous" in her crappy book.

In the new paperback edition, she explains, the offensive words have been changed so that "crapulous" refers to a woman called Norma. Surely, she is not suggesting that Balon is a transvestite?

RICHARD BRIERS, the committed thespian, has lately been touring the world as King Lear with Lord Kenneth Branagh's Renaissance Theatre Company.

In the best method acting tradition, he wanted to think his way into the part and so decided to grow a beard. Halfway through the tour, however, I gather that his agent called up to say Nescafé wanted him to fly home and do a commercial for £80,000. There was only one problem: the advertisement called for him to be the clean-shaven Briers that sit-com audiences know and love.

Faced with this awkward "art versus commerce" dilemma, Briers did the decent thing... he shaved off the beard.

● *LAST week I stupidly referred to Joyce Nettles as the departing Head of Casting at the RSC. She in fact left some years ago, and Siobhan Bracke currently holds the post.*

Pseuds Corner

£10 paid for entries

13 farts a day is quite normal. They are nothing to be ashamed of. They are a unique expression of your individual metabolism and should therefore be a cause for rejoicing.

DR JOHN COLLEE
Observer Magazine

Fashion writer Jane Mulvagh usually wears an idiosyncratic mix of antique couture and handmade clothes. "What I loathe is fashion itself," she explains. "I hate being a noticeboard for designers." Her passion is the preservation of wild animals: she has been gorilla trekking in the Congo and is about to head for Kenya to report on the war against poaching. Meanwhile, she was coaxed into a black Chanel duchesse satin two-piece (£2300), because she loves Mirabella's fashion policy: great looks for real lives.

Mirabella

The Einstein tower rears out of the earth, a giant reptile out of the Mesozoic period, sinister, stirring primitive mammalian anxieties, out of time, peering into the depths of space yet subterranean, a demonic cyclopian monster ripping out of some dark and dangerous chamber of the unconscious mind. A phallic creature. The Beast imprisoning the Beauty of geometry and rationality and science, the Beauty allegorical of the Renaissance. It surges out of the German forest, foreboding the unimaginable while representative of the imagination itself in its eternal battle with the institutional life of men.

DAVID HAMILTON EDDY
Times Higher Education Supplement

When tired or sad an Amerindian will hug a tree to get in touch with the Earth's energy. Why not you?

Notice in St James's Piccadilly churchyard

Michael Landy's work operates on a set of given and prescribed artistic proceedures (sic). The most significant and conceptually prevalent characteristic of which is the adoptive use of appropriation and quotation of artistic values that are quite clearly discernable in their reference of modernist and particularly minimalist precedants (sic). Such formal characteristics are, no doubt identifiable as emergent strategies that have largely contended legitimation through the recent predominant concern with the ostensible decline of modernism.

Press Release: Building One Gallery

Sir Hugh Casson has remarked that the Prince [Charles] "paints not just what he sees, but what he is".

Daily Telegraph

CONTRIBUTORS: Keith Flett, Anon, John Appleby, P.M. Urbach, Anon, E. Strobes.

RELATIONSHIP COUNSELING

Dennis Thatcher, MFCCI

(415) 995-2916

Introductory Session $30

San Francisco classified

"He must be a workaholic"

MY GOOD friend the Hon Christopher Monckton is still trying to find a way out of the financial mire after losing his £60,000 investment in a Jordanian shirt factory.

He was overheard at the *Evening Standard*, where he works as a leader-writer, speaking on the telephone to his viscount father, Major-General Gilbert Monckton. He proposed that his parents should make their home — Runhams Farm, near Maidstone, in Kent — over to him and that they should then be employed there as his domestic servants. Monckton *fils*, who used to work for the Leaderene's home policy unit in Downing Street, apparently believes the scheme will be highly tax-efficient.

While his parents were on holiday, Christopher even went so far as to have the contents of the property valued by Sotheby's. He was disappointed to learn that certain old watercolours were worth considerably less than he had assumed.

AN INTERESTING snippet reaches me concerning Britain's greatest living playwright, Dame Harold Pinter.

Readers may recall how, when the film version of his play *Betrayal* was released in 1983, Pinter was asked by an interviewer about the overlap between his writings and real life. "You seem to imply", he answered testily, "that the play *Betrayal* was born on the break-up of my own marriage and my new partner in life. That is totally false. It is totally incorrect. The circumstances of my life in 1975 had nothing to do with the writing of *Betrayal*. The writing of *Betrayal* was on my mind for some years before that."

Indeed, the inspiration for *Betrayal* was not his affair with Lady Antonia, I can reveal, but his hitherto unpublicised affair with Joan Bakewell in the 1960s.

Bakewell talks about it quite openly. Her husband Michael Bakewell had directed one of Pinter's plays for the BBC Third Programme in 1964, and Joan was then widely regarded as the thinking man's crumpet. "Joan and Harold would always be dancing together at parties," recalls a mutual friend. "Michael just fled." The Bakewells were divorced in 1973.

I HAVE been distressed for some time by some of the dubious benefits *perestroika* has brought our long-suffering Soviet comrades — namely exposure to a whole range of lunatic cults, including the Rolfers, who sponsored Boris Yeltsin's US tour, est and the Forum.

Now I learn that the director of the Kirov ballet, Oleg Vinogradov, has joined up with the Moonies, no less, to found something called the "Universal Ballet School" in Washington.

The Reverend Moon tells me his daughter-in-law is a keen ballerina and that Oleg is looking for a hard currency future. I fear this *pas-de-deux* must have been made in Heaven where God, according to the reverend, speaks Korean.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

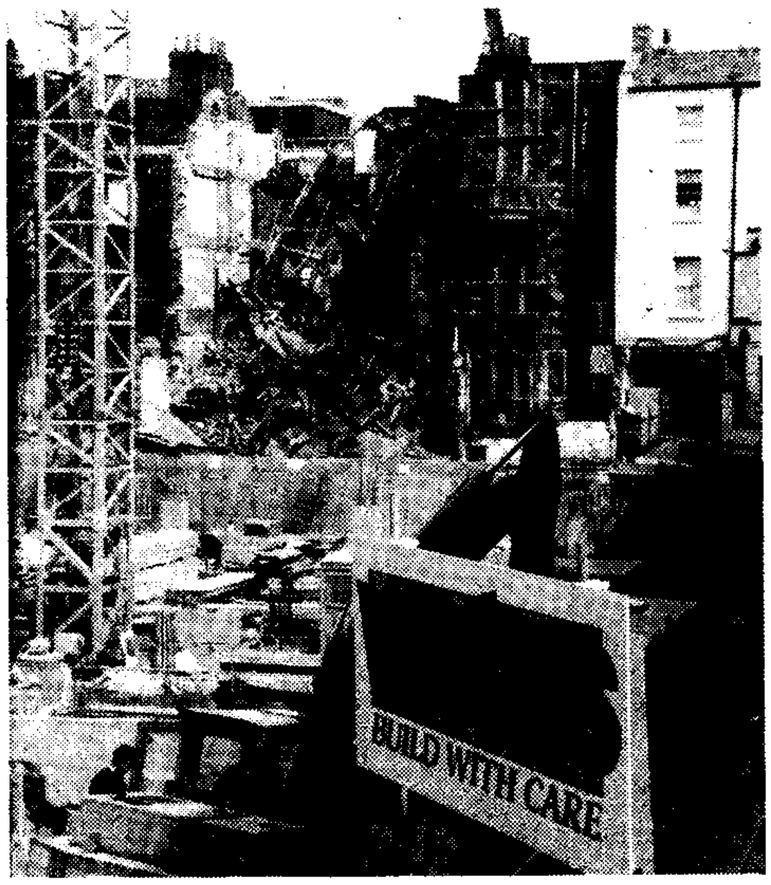
WHO SAID the following? "In London, which is particularly vulnerable, being both a focus of redevelopment pressure and still one of the great Georgian cities, there are, for instance, a dozen fine Georgian terraces under threat of demolition right now.

"Marylebone is a good but very depressing example of this. A long row of late Georgian buildings in George Street stand boarded up and decaying and the subject of demolition proposals... Another long terrace in George Street now survives only as a facade, while beside it a hole in Manchester Street marks the site of a pair of 1770s houses that recently collapsed... I'm drawing your attention to this and I'd like to draw it to a much wider audience because I think it is basically wrong."

And who wrote: "...Westminster has a good record of looking after its historic buildings and conservation areas, and of promoting new buildings in sympathy with them... It is still possible to stand on the Portman Estate, for example, in Manchester Square right near the 'Heart of the City', and not be overwhelmed by tall buildings as one would be in the City of London"?

No, the second quotation is not from a puff by Mr Brian Ashley Barker, OBE. It is by HRH the Prince of Wales, who was also the author of the first. Surely there is a contradiction here? The complaint about the attrition of Georgian Marylebone comes from a speech on "The Challenge of Community" delivered earlier this year. The praise of conservation in Marylebone was given in a foreword to *A Prospect of Westminster. The continuing development of this historic City* published last year by Westminster City Council in association with the Westminster Property Owners Association.

Now, there is an interesting connection between these two quotes, other than their confused royal



author. A major sponsor of the book celebrating property development in Westminster was Loftus Family Property, that is, that close friend of dear Lady Porter, Mr Richard Loftus, who also sat on the editorial panel representing the Westminster Property Owners Association. Loftus Family Property also happens to be the owner of the gutted terrace in George Street referred to by HRH and also of the two listed buildings in Manchester Street — Nos 48 & 49 — which suddenly collapsed on 15 May. This disaster occurred following demolition work connected with the building of an exciting new ziggurat of offices rising in the middle of what was once a complete Georgian urban block.

In *A Prospect of Westminster*, conservationist hack Toni Aldous helpfully explains how "the city block bounded by Blandford, Manchester, George and Baker Streets is a good example of cumulative redevelopment by a developer (the Loftus family) prepared to listen to conservation and amenity arguments, and look for solutions which reconcile these aims with a more rational and profitable use of the site". Quite what arguments Mr Loftus listens to, other than those he purchases from Mr Ashley Barker, I cannot think: certainly not those of English Heritage and the officers of Westminster City Council, both of whom oppose this redevelopment — as readers of *Eye* 741 will recall.

In that issue, I described the scheme for replacing the Georgian terraces and Victorian mews at the Baker Street end of this very site with an overweening piece of commercial neo-Georgian commended by Mr Barker, although, some years earlier, as surveyor of historic buildings to the GLC, he had opposed redevelopment here. What has made Mr Barker change his mind, of course, is the developer: one of Mr Loftus's companies called Flairline Properties Ltd, which, since I aired its inspirational name in my article, has changed into the more prosaic London Central and Suburban Developments.

Back in April, Lady Porter's obedient councillors, ignoring the advice of their officers, gave conditional approval for Mr Loftus's Baker Street monster. Since then, however, the fate of those listed buildings in Manchester Street has given Westminster City Council cause for concern about the other listed Georgian buildings in the care of Loftus Family Property which happen to abut the new developments. Prince Charles has evidently changed his mind about the excellence of conservation around Manchester Square. I hope Westminster's councillors might also think again before confirming Mr Loftus's planning permission.

'Piloti'

THE WALLACE AFFAIR

A Tale of the Unexpected

THOUGH BOTH men went to Cambridge in the early 1950s, defence secretary Tom King must hate the very name of David Calcutt, QC, Master of Magdalene.

When King sent the papers on Colin Wallace to Calcutt last February, he imagined the whole affair would be stitched up cleanly and that there would be no further problem.

The myth being spread by the defence ministry after its permanent secretary Sir Michael Quinlan discovered that MI5 had been lying to his officials about Wallace, was that some documents had got lost. Wallace had, after all, as he insisted, been involved in disinformation (dirty tricks) when he was an information officer for the army in Northern Ireland in the mid-1970s. Ministers who had denied this categorically for two years had been wrong. Documents had "come to light" which had not been presented to the appeals tribunal which heard Wallace's case against his sacking in 1975. This was an unfortunate administrative error which should not have occurred — and Wallace was due some apology and compensation.

All this was spelled out by King when he rushed home from America last February to field a barrage of questions in the Commons on the Wallace affair — and Calcutt's job was just to rubberstamp it. So confident were the ministry men that Calcutt would come up with the goods, they even leaked Calcutt's expected conclusions to their favourite journalist, James Adams of the *Sunday Times* (see *Eyes passim*).

As he went on with his inquiry, Calcutt grew increasingly frustrated. First, he had some difficulty getting the right documents out of the MoD. When he found out that one such document was not an original but a precis of it, he hit the roof. But the real crisis came when he interviewed the ageing former civil service union boss, Sir Leslie Williams, who had presided at Wallace's appeals tribunal. Williams disclosed that two officials from the MoD had sought a meeting with him — alone — before the tribunal hearing. This was highly irregular in itself, but the officials were very senior and emphasised that the matter they had to discuss affected national security.

Always a patriot, Williams agreed. The officials then "revealed" that Wallace had been flirting with the Ulster Volunteer Force, a paramilitary Protestant organisation, and that he was, as long as he remained in the army, a threat to security in Northern Ireland and elsewhere. Williams naturally believed this, and from that moment Wallace's case was doomed. Indeed, Williams did not even call for the official job description which would have proved Wallace's case that he was hired to carry out misinformation. No details were considered necessary and Wallace was forced out of the army.

The same smears about Wallace had circulated just before the hearing. Last February, Peter Broderick, who had been Wallace's boss in Northern Ireland (and whose subsequent civil service career was wrecked because of his association with this case) disclosed to the *Observer* that he had been told by intelligence officers that Wallace was involved with the UVF — and that this had been the main reason Wallace was kicked out of Northern Ireland in 1974.

The idea that Wallace had anything to do with the UVF is completely false.

Indeed, his last official memorandum in Northern Ireland exposed the connection between an extreme Protestant sect, TARA, and the abuse of teenage boys at the Kincora Boys' Home. The now famous four-page Kincora memorandum also linked the child abusers of TARA with other known Protestant paramilitary organisations including the UVF. The smear, therefore, was the exact opposite of the truth.

Sir Leslie Williams was deeply disturbed that he had allowed the MoD officials to lobby him before the meeting and to affect his judgement as to the outcome of the appeal. His anxiety was as nothing compared to that of David Calcutt.

When it came, the short Calcutt report was a devastating attack on the Ministry of Defence. It insisted on stepping outside its own terms of reference, coolly ridiculing King's request that conclusions, but no report or reasons for the conclusions, should be published. This was obvious nonsense, Calcutt submitted. "I take the view that a bare expression of my conclusions without more, would possibly be open to misinterpretation and that some reasoning, however brief, is needed."

He then went on to repeat William's disclosure that "representatives of the Ministry of Defence were in private communication with the chairman". He concluded: "I believe that what occurred probably affected the outcome of the appeal."

Every attempt was made to ensure that the report received the minimum possible publicity. It was sent to Wallace by bike on the afternoon of Thursday 20 September. His solicitor was not sent a copy until Wallace himself insisted he should be. The document was put in the House of Commons library at 6 pm — when the House was in recess. Indeed, Calcutt had been instructed to deliver his report so that it could be circulated well before the party conferences and the next sitting of Parliament.

The Ministry of Defence's substantial contacts in the media were set to work to minimise the impact of its report. They were specially successful in the BBC which downgraded the story. But *Channel 4 News*, ITN and even the *Independent* newspaper led on the story.

Outrage was widespread. Even the Labour Party's defence spokesman, Robin O'Neill, who has never been known to say boo to a mouse let alone a goose said the names of the MoD "representatives" should be published, or King would be guilty of a cover-up.

Since the initial flurry, however, the matter has gone quiet again and the men from the ministry hope the last has been heard about it. Their real fear is that someone will ask *why* Wallace was smeared and victimised in so disgraceful a fashion. The fear is that the *Spycatcher* ghost will walk the corridors once more and that Wallace's own allegations, that he was framed, victimised and later imprisoned because he refused to smear politicians and because he was anxious to put a stop to the Kincora scandal may be proved correct.

PS: When Wallace was eventually dismissed, the letter dismissing him was copied to various important people, including, rather oddly, Bernard Sheldon, legal adviser to MI5.

TV

Star Trek — The Next Generation

(BBC 2)

ANYONE who last year chanced to see *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*, William Shatner's successful attempt to prove that he was an even worse film director than Leonard Nimoy, may well have assumed that as far as the USS Enterprise and its elderly crew were concerned, that was just about it.

With Captain Kirk and his wig (runner-up to Burt Reynolds for Hollywood's Toupée Of The Year in 1985) due to be wheeled off into retirement, and Dr McCoy beginning to look as though he had recently been embalmed, it appeared that the starship's 25-year mission to explore strange new worlds (all full of polystyrene boulders), to seek out new life and new civilizations (all of which speak perfect English) and boldly go where no man has gone before (or at least, not recently), was finally over.

But not a bit of it. The creators of the original programme, who are now sufficiently clued up that they have registered the phrase "to boldly go where no man has gone before" as a trademark, were not likely to let mere old age put them out of a job. Indeed, *Star Trek VI*, which is rumoured to be a prequel to the whole series set at Star Fleet Academy (with, horrors, Michael J Fox as the young Kirk), is already in preproduction. And in the US, the fourth TV series of *Star Trek — The Next Generation* is currently being aired to consistently high ratings.

Trekkers (only non-Trekkers call them "Trekkies") naturally know all this already. Indeed, they have been hiring out videos of the new series from their local vidmarts for the past 18 months. When the BBC was originally offered the series, it hummed and hawed and didn't offer enough money, whereupon CIC Video leapt in and purchased the video rights, thus delaying the show's TV broadcast for two years. Only now has the BBC finally got round to showing them, and as if to prove that it was never really interested in them anyway, the first run of 15 has been scheduled in BBC2's kiddies' slot, at 6pm.

The big question, of course, is "Is it any good?" Set 75 years after the Kirk-Spock-Bones era

The man who said "Ugh!" on "Sex Talk"

— Dr McCoy makes a brief and entirely convincing cameo as a 135 year old — the new Galaxy-class Enterprise is rather more of a team effort than its famous forbear. Patrick Stewart's Captain Jean-Luc Picard is more of a bureaucrat than an action man, and it's his second-in-command, muscle-bound Commander Riker, who does all the running around and falling in love with scantily clad alien girls.

In place of Spock we have an android, Lt Commander Data, and there's also a Klingon on the bridge, the drastically underwritten Lt Worf. But it's Patrick Stewart's resonant RSC tones that dominate proceedings from the beginning, despite the attempts by several scripts in the series to make him look silly. It's clear that we're supposed to admire Captain Picard's giant brain, while identifying with hunky Riker. The problem is that Riker, as played by Jonathan Frakes, is a bit of a drip. All the other characters are supposed to hold him in awe, but you can never quite work out why. After watching Frakes, you begin to realise just how good William Shatner as Kirk really was.

With many of the original production team still in charge, it's remarkable how many old ideas have been disinterred for use in the new series. In "Encounter at Farpoint", the series opener, the Q character is a dead spit for "The Square of Gothos" (from the 1967 episode of the same name), while the second episode, "The Naked Now", is an acknowledged rerun of another early episode, "The Naked Time". With 24 episodes a year in production, the scripts are necessarily variable, from the excellent ("Where No-One Has Gone Before", another echo,) to the abject (the denouement of "Lonely Among Us"). But what is important is that the series is recognisably *Star Trek* — polystyrene boulders, English-speaking aliens and "forms of energy that we have never encountered before". And the effects, by George Lucas' Industrial Light and Magic company, are superb.

What's more, there are 70-odd shows already made just sitting there waiting to be shown. It's life, Jim, but not as we know it...

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

BBC HACKS have been relieved of the necessity for "balance" in their references to Saddam Hussein and in their treatment of his oft-quoted ambassador in Paris, who has been lumbered with explaining Iraq's behaviour to European audiences.

Now that Mrs Thatcher is winding up the nation for another war in a far off place, Downing Street has let it be known that its customary firm grip on the BBC's corporate testicles will be relaxed when it comes to finding words to describe Hussein and his deeds. The Falklands Spirit is being rekindled.

Tim Llewellyn, BBC radio's veteran Middle East correspondent, will find all that rather ironic. Not long ago he was hauled over some very hot coals for a broadcast in which he referred to Hussein in less than respectful terms, and for signing a joint letter to *The Times* protesting at the hanging of fellow journalist Farzad Bazoft in Iraq.

At that time, it was still British Foreign Office policy not to be beastly to Hussein. Llewellyn was ordered back to London, formally paraded in front of his masters and told bluntly that if he referred to him again in anything but terms appropriate to his status as a head of state he would be for the high jump.

I-SKY

"HE THINKS HE CAN SOLVE THE GULF CRISIS!"

Sun cartoon featuring hero of "The Simpsons" (Sky TV only)

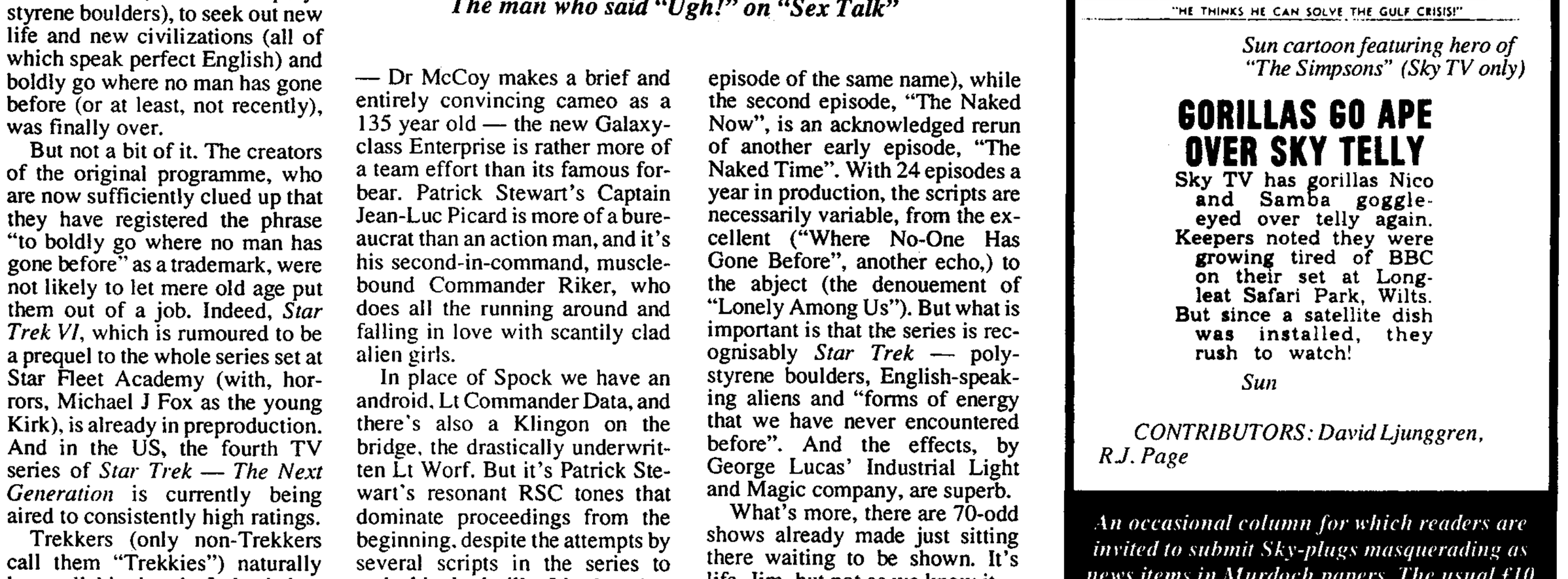
GORILLAS GO APE OVER SKY TELLY

Sky TV has gorillas Nico and Samba goggle-eyed over telly again. Keepers noted they were growing tired of BBC on their set at Longleat Safari Park, Wilts. But since a satellite dish was installed, they rush to watch!

Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: David Ljunggren, R.J. Page

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday Story of Broadcasting Folk
WOGAN
"THEY'VE GOT HER TO TAKE YOU ON, TERRY"
Lawley goes to ITV to hostchat Show
"SO HOW CAN I WIN?"
"JUST SHOW THEM YOU'VE GOT ALL THAT SUE LAWLEY'S GOT!"
SHEPHERD'S BUSH THEATRE
"OH, RIGHT!..."
Flirt... Flirt...
"Trebles & George Bests all round!"
"NO, TERRY..."
Ken Pyne

IN THE LAST *Eye* we revealed that the BBC had assigned four designers in its graphic design department to develop a new logo for its news and current affairs department.

No sooner had the absurd logo, which supposedly represents "a broadcasting mast together with an angled satellite dish and aerial", begun to appear, than a spoof logo or "dogo" was drawn up by studio manager Stuart Scott and pinned on noticeboards around Broadcasting House.

Many hacks saw the "dogo" before the logo and some even believed it was the real thing. T-shirts of the "dogo" representing the Beeb's tough attitude to the Government are thought to be in production already.

WORLD OF HYPE

THE fraud squad announcement that it will investigate The Whale Club of The World comes at a tricky time for club founder-director Rob Hards whose advertising agency has recently gone into receivership.

The Whale Club was the lunchtime brainchild of Hards and one Paul McErlean, who decided that Greenpeace and others had got it seriously wrong when it came to whale conservation. After several "meetings" they dreamed up a scheme whereby they would arrange for all the whales in the world to be individually "adopted" and, having thus established legal ownerships, it would be a simple matter to sue whale-killers through the international courts.

They also reasoned that they needed to purchase a satellite or two to keep track of the whales and provide court evidence of any killings.

Hards presented the scheme as a *fait accompli* to staff at his agency, MHG Advertising, in Berwick Street. Co-director Chris Gill, a longstanding and enthusiastic participant at the daily "lunchtime strategy meetings" went along with the idea and the agency produced posters and certificates of adoption which were then flogged to the public at £10 a go by TWCW.

As the work on the whale grew at MHG, so the client list diminished. A few weeks ago Barclays Bank decided it had had enough and called in the receiver over £150,000 the agency owed and which was part-secured by Hards and Gill.

The MHG creditors' meeting, meanwhile, looks like being a bit of an eye-opener. One proven creditor is the Rev Robert Maitland, who was awarded £28,208 in the high court in July after Hards and Gill defaulted on a consultancy agreement.

It will be the first time in the history of the World of Hype that an agency has been successfully sued by a member of the clergy.

LEGAL NEWS

THE Lord Chancellor recently appointed an ombudsman to oversee the handling of complaints against solicitors and barristers — and the man appointed is our old friend Michael Barnes.

Not, as it happens, Michael Barnes QC, who was the beak at the Hinkley Point inquiry into the building of a nuclear power station, but the Michael Barnes, politician, who, as the *Eye* revealed at the time, had been the person intended by the Government for the job.

If in his new role he needs legal advice, he could do no better than to consult Barnes QC, who would have been just the chap to sort out the lawyers. Barnes QC, meanwhile, could well have asked the other Barnes to help him out with the jargon of the electricity industry.

Plainly, the civil service computer has got its microchips in a twist. The best way to unscramble the mess would be to offer Barnes QC, the job of sorting out the lawyers and rerun the Hinkley inquiry with electricity-Barnes in the chair.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

HAVERING

HUMDRUM suburban Havering, better known as Romford, has woken up from a thousand-year slumber to find itself embroiled in a farcical election row involving the Tories and Liberals.

The dispute involves youthful Tory councillor Andrew Rosindell, who took Havering's Chase Cross seat from the Liberals last May, overturning a previous 80-vote defeat. Not everyone was impressed. The defeated Liberals queried Rosindell's canvassing in Hampden Lodge old people's home where 109 proxy voting forms had been handed in before the election.

Proxy voting forms enable electors, usually the old, to nominate someone to vote for them, and are handed in before election day. But suspicions were aroused when it was pointed out that at the previous election all Chase Cross' candidates had handed in only nine proxy forms between them!

Naturally, the Liberals were rather miffed that the Hampden Lodgers had decided almost *en masse* to entrust their Xs to the Tory challenge. They successfully persuaded Havering's returning officer to take the unusual step of extending the deadline and ask the geriatrics to try again. But this failed to satisfy Liberal Democrat candidates Terry Hurlstone and Paul Einchcomb, who asked Inspector Knacker to investigate alleged "irregularities".

Nonplussed, Rosindell replied by engaging Messrs Sue, Grabbit and Runne to obtain writs for libel in the high court against Hurlstone and Romford Liberal Democrat Association although the two parties had still not received their writs two months later.

Although the Tories won the Chase Cross seat with a few hundred votes to spare, Inspector Knacker has been spending the summer municipal recess preparing evidence to send to the Crown Prosecution Service, Special Branch officers having questioned about 70 people and taken 30 statements.

Meanwhile Rosindell, who with fellow victorious Tory candidate Cyril North is vigorously denying placing any pressure on the proxy voters, has won the nomination to the Conservatives' approved list of prospective parliamentary candidates in unwinnable Scotland.

HARLOW

HARLOW council's general manager, Dermot Byrne, has not taken too kindly to his brief moment of glory in *Eye* 745. Indeed, his response, after scouring the press for mention of his regime, was unprecedented.

Byrne wrote an angry letter to a constituent who had innocently written to the *Eye*'s letters page agreeing with our story of how Harlow showed favouritism towards councillors' relatives in appointing staff.

In his letter to the constituent Byrne wrote: "My attention has been drawn to your letter [in the *Eye*]... which concludes that you consider the officer appointments made by Harlow council to be based on political background rather than merit... I would ask you as a matter of urgency, to supply me with any information or evidence. You may prefer to meet me directly to discuss such information."

At the risk of being incarcerated in a dank and

"I'd like to change my Arthur Scargill hairstyle, please, Vittorio"

dismal dungeon in the bowels of Harlow town hall, our correspondent has declined Byrne's kind invitation.

Byrne's municipal megalomania seems to know no bounds. He has even sent a copy of his letter to local Tory MP Jerry Hayes. Strangely, Byrne assumes that a high-flying Thatcherite like Hayes will sympathise with the crypto-Stalinist policy manoeuvres of his council, its position as the highest-spending, per capita, district council in the country, its £425 poll tax, and its excessive £30 cost per constituent of collecting the charge in the first place!

BURY

INSIGNIFICANT Bury, a two-sheep mill town lost in Manchester's northern moorlands, appears to be a mite confused over its wage practices.

While town hall purse strings are so stretched that £9 million worth of cuts must be made immediately to stave off municipal bankruptcy, the borough's chief officers have awarded themselves a double-figure pay rise amounting to some £100,000!

So, while £5m is lopped off the town's budget for the current financial year and a further £4m is saved by not replacing departing staff, the borough's chief executive, David Burton, has decided he should be awarded a 13 per cent pay rise which will increase his salary from £45,000 pa to £51,500.

Burton's cheeky proposal stems from a "private and confidential" report he has drawn up following a thorough analysis of Bury's pay structure by a private management company.

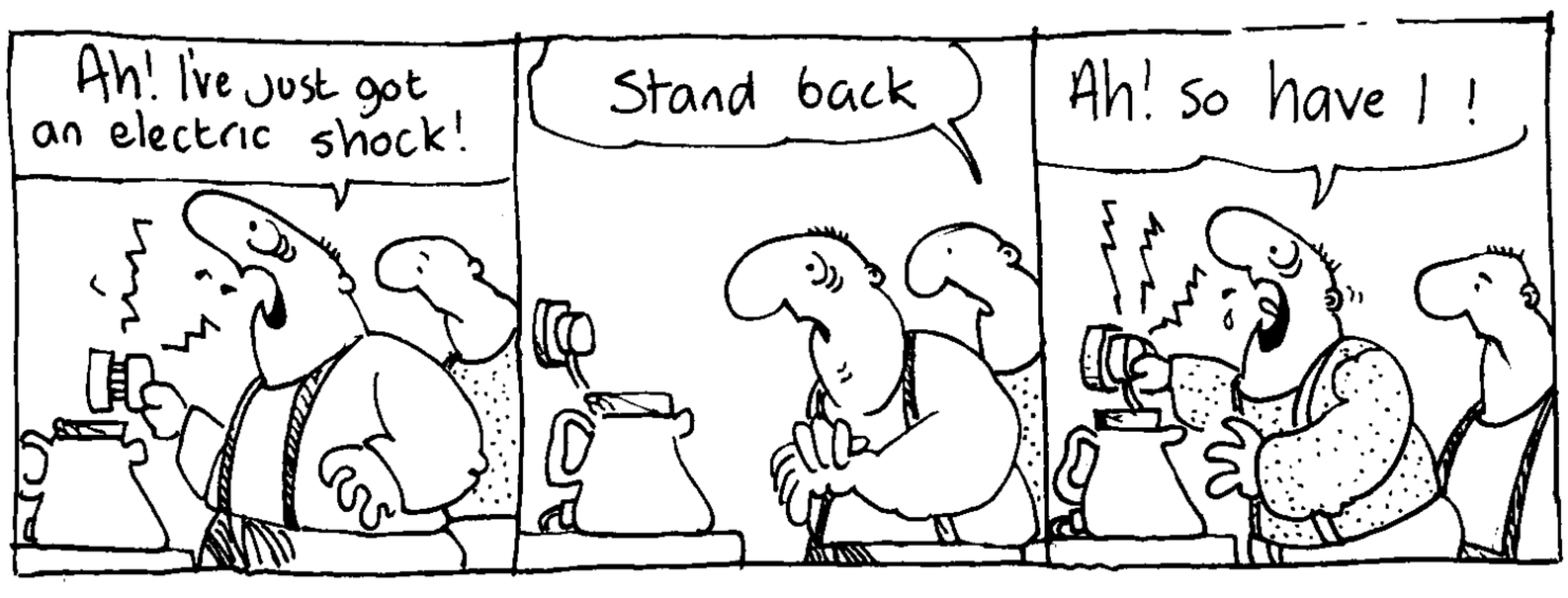
This bold stroke of municipal monetarism is supported by the council's inconsequential Labour leadership, including personnel chairman Laurie Bullas, whose anodyne brand of municipal socialism has been honed on the arbitration-soaked battlefields of the *Manchester Evening News* news desk where he is education corespondent.

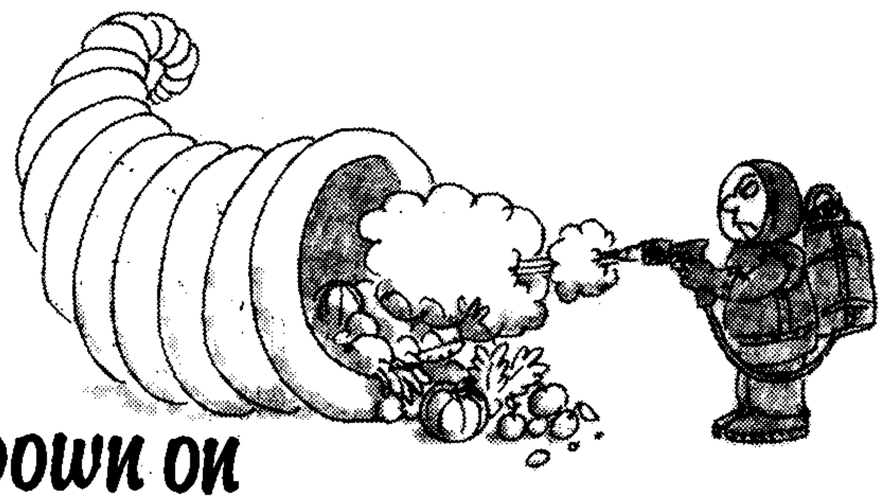
But perhaps before Bullas agrees to bump up Burton's pay packet he should read his own paper's cuttings' files.

In 1984 Burton was made redundant from his job as county legal officer when the Greater Manchester council was abolished. Two weeks later, Bury council's then chief executive, James McDonald, told his policy committee that he wished to restructure his department and create the new post of deputy chief executive. Once this had been agreed by the committee, McDonald revealed that he had just the right man for the job and boldly invited into the meeting one David Burton, who promptly completed a successful ad hoc interview and took up the new post! Surprisingly, no mention was made of the size of Burton's redundancy packet from the county council — a cool £120,000!

YOBS

HUSBAND





DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THE Food Act is a clever device which allows agriculture ministers to show how much they care about the consumer while creating thousands of silly local authority jobs for petty folk to harass small entrepreneurs, all the while conniving with the agri-business combines.

For each Nalgo clerical officer, the private sector has to appoint someone new to comply with the dopey regulations. And it is in this constructive spirit that IBC Technical Services is offering a two-day festival of fear and greed based around the new skills of food law enforcement.

While the agriculture ministry, the Audit Commission, the Co-op, the National Consumer Council, the Institute of Food and every town hall in the land all avert their eyes from the monstrous folly of the common agricultural policy (CAP), the rhubarb harvest is set to be exceptionally fine this year.

THERE IS an admirable and wholesome integrity about the latest catalogue from BASF, the agri-fertiliser folk. It is called simply *A Guide to Maximising Profits for Farmers.*

BASF has a perfect title for an enduring series. This stunning guide on how to grow crops that people do not want but which silly politicians will pay for could one day outsell even the *Guinness Book of Records.*

Nature may be trying to fight back against the CAP and the ingenuity of fertiliser manufacturers with her rural guerrilla army of wireworms, millipedes, slugs, weevils, midges, thrips and cutworms, but BASF's artillery of poisons and insecticides is a match for them. This smooth and accomplished guide on how to rip off the taxpayer ends with the glib disclaimer:

"The responsibility for the effect of farming inputs on our environment belongs to us all. Ensure no spray enters hedge bottoms, field corners or other rough areas which provide a small refuge for wildlife on your farm."

It is good to know BASF cares about the countryside, just like IBC.

PIG SWILL is subject to the 1973 disease of animals waste food order, one of the last desperate acts of the ailing Heath regime.

Back in 1973 there was a severe outbreak of swine vesicular disease (SVD) which ravaged the British pig herd. Neither people nor politicians can catch the disease, but it can cause lesions, fevers and lameness in pigs. The only recorded side effect in humans is nervous calls for subsidies.

Old Muck has been wrong in the past (though very rarely), but he offers the prediction that the environmental health officers, their captive local authorities and the daft food compliance folk in the retail companies are about to launch a late silly season SVD scare.

The swineherds of England resent the media fuss made about perfectly innocent chickens and have devised a good strategy to create a waste food scam involving the false feeding of offal to our porkers.

Cameron Chump, the public relations consultants who found the egg scandal a nice little earner, are sniffing around the pig swill theme. I predict early press releases and a lot of gullible news desks believing that it is the pigs who are at fault and not the greedy farmers.

This is just good old-fashioned British scare-mongering. I urge you all to enjoy your dead pig sandwiches — even if there were 302 prosecutions last year from vets over what was in pig swill.

Sporting Life

RARELY has there been such a fiasco on a British racecourse to match the two recent Tattersalls Tiffany sponsored races at Doncaster and Newmarket.

In spite of bonuses totalling £850,000, the first event at Newmarket was staged with all the flair and excitement one might have expected at a sherry party hosted by Mrs Piers Bengough. Then came the infamous pre-race lunch at Doncaster where the Tiffany chairwoman's patience was finally exhausted by a combination of rock hard melon and undercooked salmon, and the excruciating attempts at bonhomie by Tattersalls chairman Michael Watt.

This shambles should've come as no surprise to anyone familiar with the pompous conservatism and insufferable snobbery of the Watts, the Tattersalls family management team who originally opposed restricted races every bit as vituperatively as the Jockey Club. Then when they were forced to change their tune due to the success of rivals Goffs' Cartier Million concept they simply tried to pinch Goffs' idea — the same idea they'd spent so much time trying to discredit. With a little help from Portman Square they managed to carry it off with precisely none of the professionalism or élan displayed by Jonathan Irwin's team in Ireland.

The two most responsible for this unmitigated balls-up were *Tattersalls'* so-called public relations officers, the tall and spectacularly dense Lavinia Thompson and the equally dimwitted Andrew Howland, whose most important qualification in Watt's eyes is that he's the son of the Marchioness of Tavistock.

Little Howland has admitted that his publicity machine was not really firing on 25 August. What he has not disclosed is that he was offered a professional marketing campaign for the two races months earlier. The offer came from an experienced source associated with the old *Pacemaker* magazine.

After being held sniffily at armslength by Howland (who expects all visitors to bow and scrape and call Watt "Sir"), the *Pacemaker* man was told his proposals were not wanted. Clearly Howland's own inspired idea was to have no publicity at all before the races and then get lots of publicity afterwards... about the fact that there had been no publicity!

Howland's behaviour may not be unconnected with the fact that he has been mooning around for months now, apparently hopelessly in love with Tina Turner who gave a series of concerts at Woburn Abbey earlier in the summer. To the hysterical mirth of onlookers he has even attempted to woo the goddess by sending her such essential items as silver inlaid raspberry dishes bearing his family coat of arms. Perhaps Tiffany's will supply the wedding ring?

The perfect footnote to the whole affair was supplied by one old Jockey Club roué who observed that if the first Tattersalls race at Newmarket had gone to the unlucky runner up, Shalford, the winner would have been owned by Mr Cock and bred by a Mr Dick.

Sally Deedes

DENISE Cummings is a qualified nurse who for three years had suffered with a painful shoulder. When her husband joined a firm with private medical insurance, she felt this was her opportunity to get relief from the nagging pain.

She was admitted to Whalley Range, a Bupa-run hospital in Manchester, to undergo a myelogram: a small operation whereby a contrast medium is put into the membrane through a lumbar puncture which, when x-rayed, will show up any abnormalities. Most patients are able to return home a day after the operation with no ill effects. Mrs Cummings was still breastfeeding her second child; but since she would only be away for one night she agreed to the operation.

Unfortunately, however, she had a severe reaction to the operation, with intense headaches, vomiting and nerve palsy and she was finally discharged 11 days later with her right eye twisted inwards and paralysed.

Two years later she still sees double when looking to the right and has to wear specially prescribed glasses. She alleges that her condition was entirely due to the bad standard of nursing she received and any attempt to get compensation — or at the very least an apology — has come to naught.

As a nurse, Mrs Cummings knew the recommended treatment for a patient following this operation is to remain in a sitting position for six hours to prevent the contrast medium irritating the brain. Afterwards the patient is allowed to sleep or rest. After her operation her headaches were intolerable. Her instincts told her to remain as flat as possible to lessen the pain and cause as little intercranial pressure as she could. She was not offered a bedpan and was left to visit the lavatory keeping her head as low as possible.

Due to the pain she did not wash for four days and was only offered a bedbath eight days after admittance. Every time her bed was made she was told to get up and sit in a chair. No one checked how much she drank or checked on the amount of urine she passed. Her breasts became engorged and added to her discomfort. Had her meals been cut up, the bed raised to the height of the trolley or her drink put into a feeding cup she may have been able to roll over and at least eat and drink a little. As it was each tray was collected untouched.

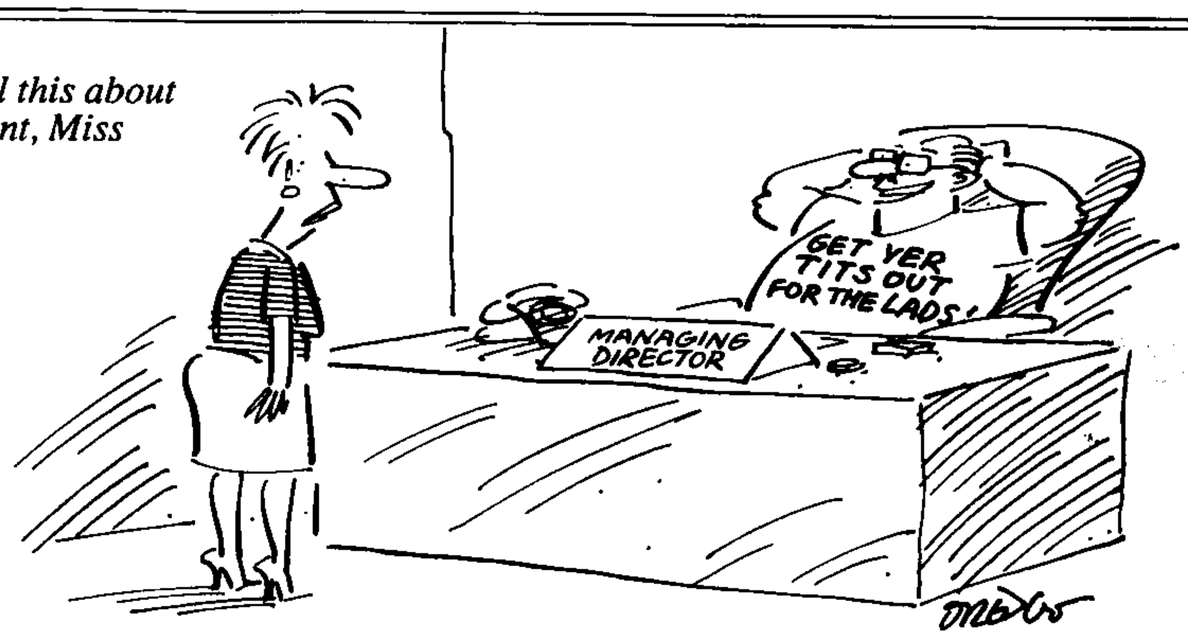
A week after her operation her mother visited and, finding her daughter lying in a darkened room, asked the sister on duty how Mrs Cummings should be lying. The sister replied that no instruction had been left. On leaving the hospital she had no proper balance and had lost her perception of distances. A few days later the hospital stuck a patch over the affected eye and sent her home.

Her husband wrote to the hospital and complained about the standard of care his wife had received. The hospital dismissed the complaints saying that they were "confident that the nursing staff did carry out their duties satisfactorily". A following letter from her consultant maintains that he instructed that she should have been kept in a lying position.

The couple wrote to the English National Board of Nurses, who asked for the pin numbers and names of the specific nurses in question which, not surprisingly, she could not supply. The board can demand these notes but cannot release them to the patient — an absurdity and a Catch 22 in which the patient cannot win!

'Major Bonkers'

"Now, what's all this about sexual harassment, Miss Bloomfield?"



Letters

Flower power

Sir,

Re: Eyes 749 & 750: The Gulf

The cover of Eye 749 was distasteful in the extreme. Nevertheless, I won't join the many people who I guess are cancelling their subscriptions — I enjoy **most** *of the Eye too much.*

However, I take objection to Mr Crispin Gillard's letter (Eye 750). My ex-next door neighbour was murdered in the first days of the "rape of Kuwait", and I have many friends in Kuwait and Iraq whose safety is very unsure. I am no "sensitive petal", but I just hope Mr Gillard is smugly comfortable in Bath (perhaps fearing invasion from Bristol?).

By all means remain sharp — but please don't include such crass and insensitive letters as Mr Gillard's.

Yours faithfully,
M.G. HIGSON,

London, SW19.

Chapel meeting

Sir,

Strangeways

Following a dispute over an affiliation order, I spent a disagreeable 1989/90 new year in Ashford Remand Centre, an HM prison which is now demolished — by the authorities, not the inmates. To pass the time I attended several services, both CofE and Roman Catholic, and was struck each time by the small number of prisoners present, about 10 or 12. Assuming, not unreasonably, that the religious propensities of all Britain's prison population are roughly equal, and allowing for prison population sizes, it looks as though five to ten times the normal number of prisoners must have applied to attend chapel on Strangeways' ill-fated Sunday, and then been let out to do so. In simple language, at a time when rumours were circulating of imminent trouble, it seems possible that far more men than usual were allowed into the chapel. I wonder whether records are kept of chapel attendances, so this aspect could be checked?

Yours faithfully,
NAME AND ADDRESS
SUPPLIED.

O'Dear

Sir,

Reading your article on the demise of Irish "beef baron" Larry Goodman (Business News, Eye 750), I was surprised to learn of "opposition MP and former minister Des O'Malley [who] blew the whistle on [Goodman's] insurance scam..." Although my knowledge of the murky depths of Irish politics is, at best, scant, I seem to recall that the name of the present minister for industry and commerce in Mr Haughey's coalition government is... Desmond O'Malley.

Are they by any chance related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN CRANE,

London, N7.

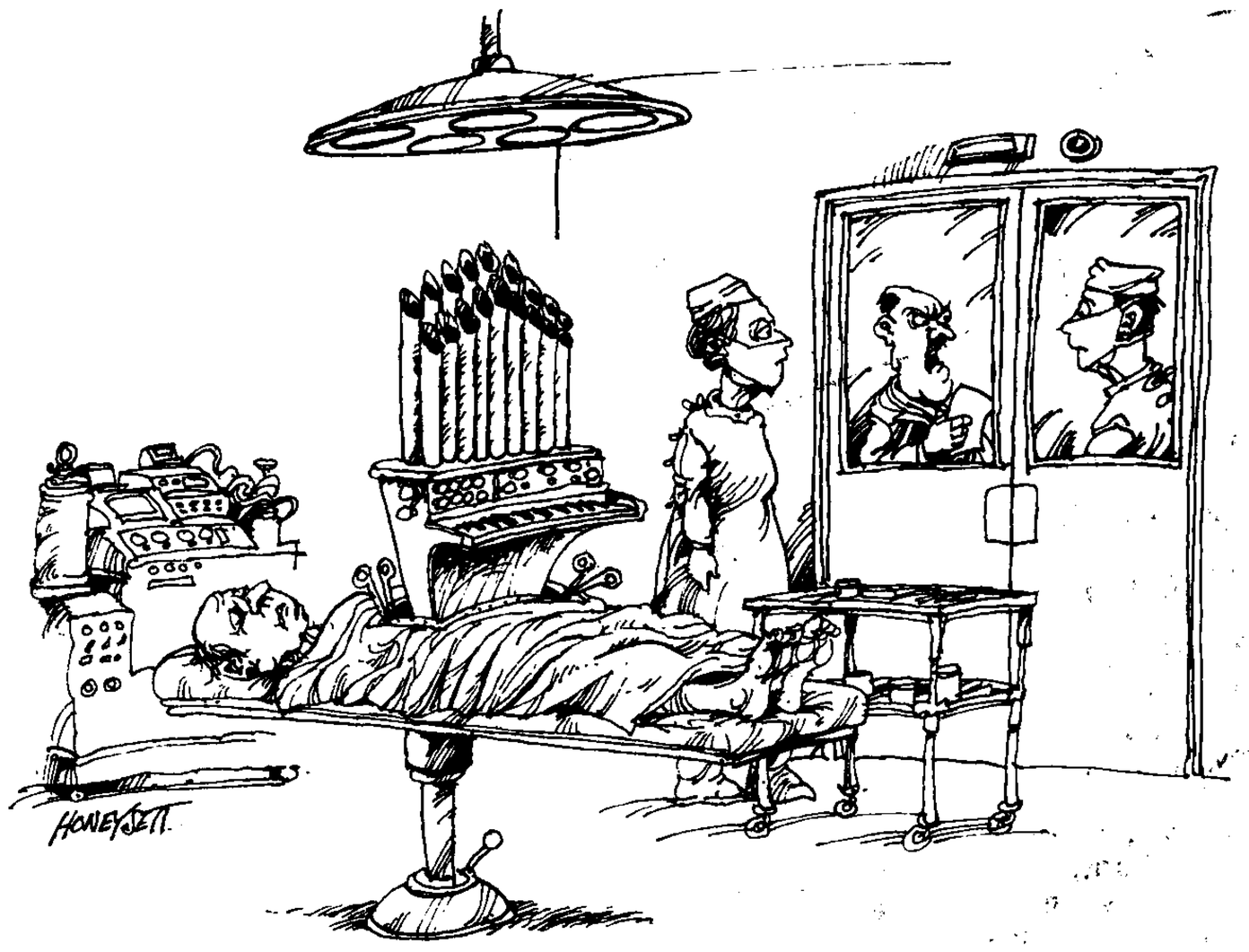
Not interesting

Sir,

I don't suppose it is of much interest, but I'm sad too that Julie Spencer is leaving The Field, not least because of all the work she has been giving me to do but it has always been interesting work, and she has always been most charming and helpful, a combination which puts her into a rather select category among newspaper and magazine editors.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES NEVIN,

Brixton.



"We've had complaints about your organ transplants"

Rotter

Sir,

A rotten borough indeed! As one of the London boroughs with a most generous grants scheme, it is not surprising that Wandsworth council occasionally reviews those organisations it wishes to support. According to the Eye (14/9/90) a review of 37 organisations is to take place. This is out of about 140 organisations directly funded. Surely, any council that failed to review regularly such organisations would be remiss in its affairs.

Perhaps it is the present Lord Gnome who is remiss in not declaring in his organ that he has pledged his support for the "Action 90" campaign against the regular review of the council supported "voluntary" organisations. My source is the local newspaper, but perhaps one shouldn't believe all one reads in the papers.

Yours faithfully,
Cllr CLIVE DIXON,

St Johns Ward, The Town Hall, London SW18.

Sell-off date

Sir,

At the risk of appearing pedantic again and with reference to your opening article regarding possible Iraqi perusal of Tornado aircraft (Eye 750), surely it cannot have escaped your attention that Mr Heseltine staged his famous cabinet "walk-out" and consequently resigned as defence secretary in January 1986, two years before the event you describe.

Therefore, either the date has been misprinted or responsibility should be allocated not to Mr Heseltine but to his successor and the prime minister's erstwhile manager, George Younger. I point this out only in the interests of fairness and accuracy for which your organ is rightly renowned.

Yours faithfully,
ALLAN DRAYCOTT,

London, N4.

(Quite correct. The deal fell through in 1988 under Younger but was initiated back under Heseltine. The copy was misleading. Ed.)

Sticky situations

Sir,

In what way is David Lipsey addicted to "sellotape" (Eye 750)?

Does he sniff it, nibble it, smoke it, inject it, or recreate a scene from "No Sex Please, We're British"?

Yours in idle curiosity,
RON VAUGHAN,

London, NW4.

Cookie crumbled

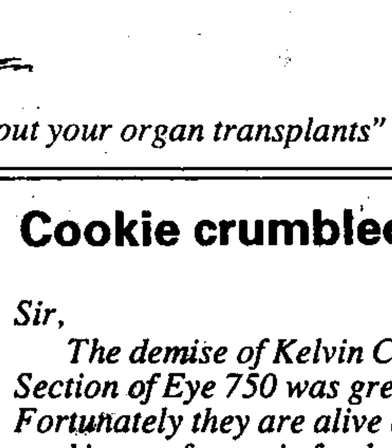
Sir,

The demise of Kelvin Catering in the Colour Section of Eye 750 was greatly exaggerated. Fortunately they are alive and well and still cooking up fantastic food on and offshore.

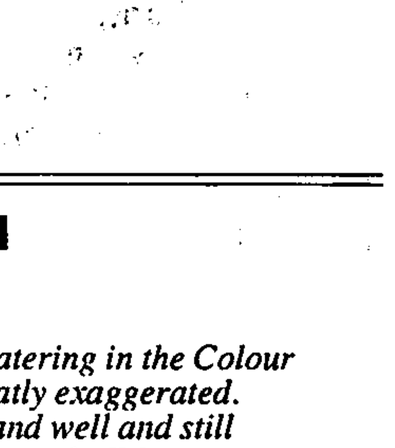
Yours faithfully,
E.P. REVELL,

Shetland.

Lookalike



Howe



Rutherford

Sir,

Have you noticed that Geoffrey Howe looks identical to this leading actress? Are they in any way related? I think we should be told.

Yours in anticipation of a handsome reward,

GEO. GODWIN.

Little Munden, Herts.

Thumbs up

Sir,

To answer your allegation against Birmingham in the last "Rotten Boroughs" (13 September 1990) would be tedious in the extreme, for me and for your readers. So perhaps you'll allow me just three sweeping comments:

1. Every overseas visit made by council members or officers is approved by the general purposes committee, which is both open to the public and attended by the media.

2. Marks & Spencer in Birmingham kindly host Chamber of Trade meetings.

3. You do not attract business, international conferences or incoming tourists sitting on your thumbs in the Council House. Show me one Plc in the top 500 UK companies whose directors and sales force operate exclusively from their headquarters' desks.

Yours faithfully,
LYNDA LONGBOTTOM,

Director of Public Affairs, Birmingham City Council.

I-SPY *Eastwood, Notts*

Submitted by Dick Swan. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Lambasted

Sir,

Old Muckspreader's comments on the overproduction of lamb (Eye 750) fail to include any reference to the disastrous environmental consequences of the increase in the sheep population of Britain. Hundreds of thousands of acres of the uplands are being ruinously over-grazed, with the result that heather moorland and other attractive wild vegetation types are being replaced by boring grassland and bracken. Elsewhere, upland pastures are being ploughed and re-seeded, with Ministry of Agriculture grants no doubt, to provide better grazing for the woolly pests. One of the most spectacular of the Shropshire Hills, Caer Caradoc, has been devastated by scrub clearance, fencing and ploughing over the past year or so. The fact that it is within an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty seems not to matter at all.

Yours faithfully,
C. WALKER,

Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Load of Toshner

Sir,

According to your nasty little piece on the Guinness trial (Eye 750) the four defendants are Jews. Shome mistake surely?

Ernest Saunders was baptised at birth (or as near as damn it) and was apparently a regular churchgoer. By Private Eye's measure is Bishop Hugh Montefiore not also a Jew — or is it that while the bishop remains a paragon of virtue, he is a Christian, but if he errs he is reckoned a Jew?

There is a lesson in all this for any Jew considering conversion to Christianity. No matter what lengths you go to, anti-semitic Christians, Richard Ingrams and his like, will never forget your origins. Better then be proud of belonging to a race which produced Einstein, Freud, etc, a race that has contributed to the sciences and arts out of all proportion to its numbers rather than to a race which produced the Inquisition, the pogroms and the gas chambers.

Yours faithfully,
B.C. TOSHNER,

Cambuslang, Glasgow.

Backman

Sir,

We all enjoy Denis of Downing Street but 750 suggests Lawrence of Arabia was homosexual. In a BBC talk "The Jessie" broadcast earlier this year I quoted Lawrence's batman (whom I knew for many years) as saying: "He was no homosexual. I washed his back every night for two years and you damn soon get to know if a man is that way when you do that work!"

Yours faithfully,
TREVOR M. ARTINSTOLL (DR),

Chesterton, Cambridge.

Hard graft

Sir,

Now that HRH Prince Charles has had part of his arse transferred to his elbow I am sure that he will still be able to tell the difference.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT APSION,

Guildford, Surrey.

Balls-Up

Sir,

Will you pay for your own mistakes and publish the attached in your column "Colmanballs"?

Now that Egypt is getting her reward for backing Bush against Saudi Arabia, with a write-off of its $7 billion arms debt to the US, it was inevitable that Israel should shout "What about us?" — Private Eye 750, Colour Section.

Yours faithfully,
C. MALARÉE,

Stoke, Plymouth.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Coming up to the finishing line now, with 400 metres to go!"
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC
(Anon.)

"Have you always been small?"
DEREK THOMPSON, C4
(Tim Hopkins)

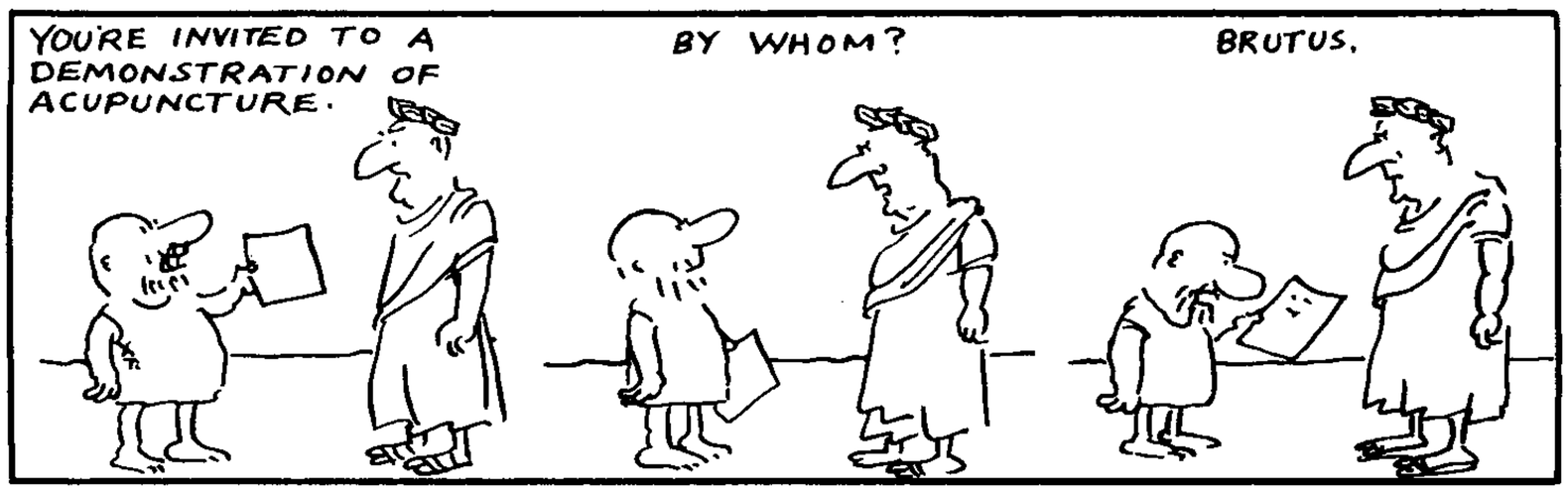
"There's Alan Munro. He's easy to spot because he's difficult to spot, if you pardon the pun."
JOHN FRANCOME, C4
(Mr J.A. Smith)

"The replay, which the umpire doesn't have the benefit of, shows that he was either an inch in or an inch out."
RICHIE BENAUD, BBC
(Aiden MacDermott)

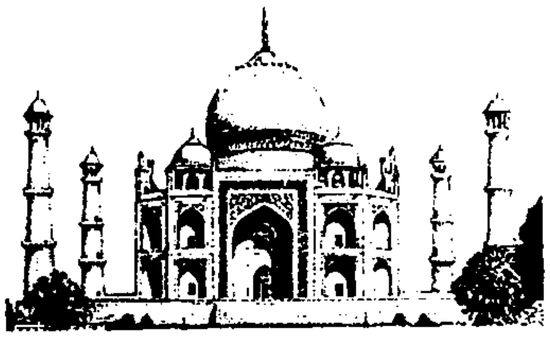
"He stood on tiptoe, on the back foot and drove the ball on the off. I don't know how you'd describe that shot."
RAY ILLINGWORTH, BBC2
(John Sewell)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from **India**



from Our Own Correspondent

THE GULF crisis has spelt disaster for our beleaguered economy. With 50,000 nationals to repatriate, India has just four weeks worth of foreign exchange reserves left and inflation, currently more than 10 per cent, continues to rise.

It is little wonder, then, that our new prime minister V.P. Singh, conscious of his vulnerability, has responded by creating a personal vote bank for himself — even though it will cost the country's unity.

In fact Singh has achieved the impossible. Just when it seemed Indian politics, after five years of Rajiv Gandhi's misrule, could regress no further, Singh, after just nine months, has proven the assumption wrong.

In the name of social and economic progress, he last month effectively legitimised India's repressive caste system. Invoking the recommendations of an 11-year-old economic commission, Singh announced a 27 per cent job reservation quota for India's backward castes.

A reservation quota of 22.5 per cent already exists for India's untouchables — known as the scheduled castes — and the country's backward tribal population. By this dispensation, both categories are guaranteed placement in most educational institutions and assured government employment at all levels.

Henceforth 49.5 per cent of India's 840 million are guaranteed preferential treatment. The justification is that this will right age-old social and economic imbalances; in reality Singh has strengthened the caste system, making genetic heritage the basis for discrimination. But there are those of us who also believe Singh has used the reprehensible system to shore up his position at the head of a shaky coalition: the 27 per cent who benefit from his ruling will be his personal vote bank.

So far 12 people have died in anti-job reservation demonstrations and life in most of our northern towns is paralysed by strikes. Singh's ministers are urging the lower castes to take to the streets to seize their rights. The reasoning is that if this produces votes, a few deaths and strikes are a small price to pay for political survival.

Singh's astuteness in cutting the political ground from under his rivals has to be admired. His cause of bettering, via direct government patronage, the lot of India's lower castes is one no politician can publicly fault or criticise in a country where around 40 per cent of the population lives below the poverty line.

Privately, however, Singh's coalition partners, the Hindu nationalist Bhartiya Janata Party (BJP) and the Communist Party of India (Marxist) as well as the opposition Congress I, are furious for having missed making a grab for the same voters.

Meanwhile the ghost of the Bofors gun kickback scandal which Singh used to discredit Gandhi and his Congress I party has returned to haunt Arun Nehru, one of Singh's senior ministers and closest advisers. Around 1985 kickbacks of $16 million were paid to senior Indian politicians for importing artillery pieces worth $1.36 billion from the Swedish arms manufacturer.

Nehru, a cousin of Gandhi and once the most powerful Congress-I minister, with an eye on the political main chance, left the government in 1987 along with Singh on a matter of "principle", forming the Janata Dal party. Using the Bofors issue as their main electoral riposte, the Front won the November 1989 elections and formed a coalition government.

Promises to unearth the scandal were soon forgotten until documents incriminating Nehru were recently published. Despite the unseemly enthusiasm of some pro-Nehru newspaper editors and senior journalists, some accusations seem to have stuck. If Nehru is, as alleged, closely linked to the scandal, this will soon taint the Mr Clean Singh.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

TRUE STORIES

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

COMMENTING on the week's political news, Colonel L.R. Karbo of the Freetown Independent Social Party, said: "When ill-health obliged my friend Aaron Kamara to retire from his post as Principal Accountant to the Bank of Sierra Leone, few of us thought that he would develop political ambitions.

"It came as a shock, therefore, to see him hurry into the Parliament Chamber and demand to be made President of Sierra Leone. Outcry followed his plea. However, as a result of my words, Inspector Bambay Shiaka and his men treated Mr Kamara very lightly before returning him to the City Mental Home."

CONCLUDING his evidence, Inspector James Beckett said: "Mr Norris Mendal, 78, flagged down Mr and Mrs Wilkinson's car and demanded to be driven to Cleethorpes Hospital as he was feeling under the weather. When Mr Wilkinson, a disabled driver of 81, refused, and Mrs Wilkinson, 83, shouted out 'Drive on, James!' Mr Mendal announced that it was an emergency and tried to climb into the car over Mrs Wilkinson, and, when prevented, got into the back of the car and refused to move. When I arrived at the scene the party had been there for three hours. And, apparently, after the first few minutes nobody had uttered a word."

THE SOUTH Australian Office of Fair Trading heard Mr Anthony Clifton, a striptease artist, say that Ms Janey Charles had asked him to perform "for 30 minutes" at Ms Charles's engagement party.

"However," he continued, "the all-women guests were so excited by the time I came on-stage that they leapt up and stripped me naked before the music had begun. I was so angry I picked up Ms Charles and threw her into a swimpoolette that was filled with white wine.

"As I was about to finish my act Ms Charles and her two prospective bridesmaids emptied the poolette all over me and when I said I had had enough refused to pay my fee."

IN ORDER to improve the standing of Christianity in Australia, Dr David Millikan, the head of the Australian Broadcasting Company's Religious Department, obtained permission for a group of charismatic believers to feed their mental pictures of Jesus into the Sydney Crime Unit's image generator, "to establish a picture of an all-Australian Christ."

"There have been thousands of Christ images," Dr Millikan said. "Naturally, most of them showed small, Jewish-looking chaps. But ours came out quite differently. Square-jawed, round-faced, with springy, short-cut blond hair and bright blue eyes. An excellent result. If Australians are to produce their own Christian theology we must create our own Jesus image."

DURING HIS speech to an audience of political workers, Mr Wilson Leitich of KANU, Kenya's one-party-only party, said: "Subversives who want a pluralist party system have taken to making two-finger salutes in public places. This must be stopped. KANU youth-wingers should remove the fingers of those making signs, by biting, if necessary, and bring those fingers into the local KANU office. Our slogan is: NO TWO-FINGER SALUTES!"

AS A RESULT of an article that appeared in his newspaper, the editor of the Dorking Advertiser has had to point out that during the inquest into Mrs Jean Thompson's death absolutely no evidence whatsoever was presented to suggest that, although she died of asphyxiation while resting her neck on a lavatory seat, she had finished a whole bottle of sherry a little earlier.

INFORMATION: The New Citizen, Freetown 30.7.90; Grimsby Evening Telegraph 28.7.90; Glasgow Evening News 20.7.90; The Bulletin 3.4.90; Daily News 14.6.90; Dorking Advertiser 27.7.90.

MONITORS: John Northridge, Glenn Showler, Joseph Kelly, Dr J.E.Smith, M.A. Kyle, Messrs. Fisher, Alford.

EXCLUSIVE

Why Maxwell really bought Spurs

by Our Media Staff
Pol Fot

Documents which have come into *Private Eye*'s possession reveal the true reason for the bid for Tottenham Hotspur by publishing tycoon and helicopter boss Robert Maxwell.

In a secret memo to his chief of staff, Oscar Loosalot, Maxwell writes:

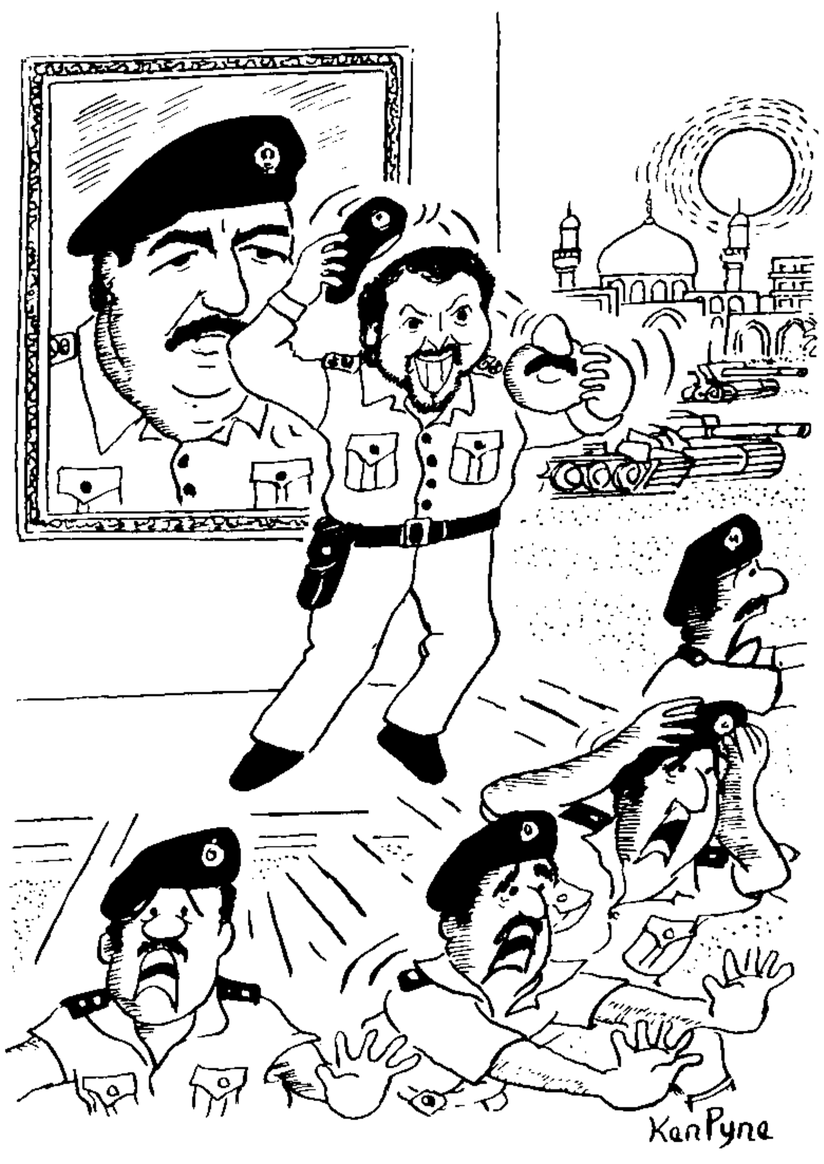
"The stadium is perfect for our plans. With a capacity volume of over 700 million cubic feet, it will hold the entire print run of *The European* for over 3 years."

During this period, the report goes on, the presence of millions of unsold copies of *The European* would be completely undetected since play would continue as normal on top of the pile.

Later, however, the stadium would be sealed and turned into an artificial ski-slope. Mr Maxwell would then buy another club and the process would begin again.

LATE NEWS

Maxwell Buys Mandela United. FA to investigate.



"Oh, my god – it was Jeremy Beadle all along!"

DENIS WILL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE

GLENDA SLAGG

Fleet Street's own Joan Collins!!

Thazza — Aren'tcha sick of her? Everywhere you look there she is a-cryin' and a-flyin' round the world's capitals!!? Come off it Thazza give us all a break!?! Haven't you heard about over-exposure?!?!

Thazza — Hats off to the lady who puts her tongue out and Britain back on the world map!?!! (Geddit?!?) Ask anyone, anywhere, to name a famous Brit and they will all to a man say "Gazza!" *(Surely 'Thazza'? Ed.)*

Spare a thought for Sir Anthony Meyer — Mazza to you stoopid!?! He's the man who had the guts to stand up to Mrs Thazza as the stalking horse when the wimps and the wets backed off a-shakin and a-quakin' in their boots!?!

Now it turns out it's not only horses he's been stalking (Geddit?!! He does!?!!) I say, so what!?! If this old gent likes a bit of colour in his life, good luck to him and his lovely Lady Diana "Dazza" Washington!!?

Clear off Sir Anthony Meyer, you dirty old man!?! How dare you try and step into Thazza's shoes when all the time you was a-leerin' and a-peerin' at your dusky bimbo!!? Scram and take your dirty mac back to where you belong!?!!

So, Denis "Minder" Waterman and Rula Lenska have split up again!?!! One of them must have another new series to plug!?!

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z??!!!?

Here they are — Glenda's Harvest Time Hunks.

Charles Gray QC: I'd like to see this libel big boy in his briefs! Geddit?!!?

Asil "Azza" Nadir: He's the Del Monte Mogul with the Polly Pecker!? Here's one girl who always says "Yes"!?!?! (Geddit!?!)

Martin Sixsmith: Crazy name, crazy guy!?!

Byeeeee!!

Wogan — Viewers Jam Switchboard

By Our Media Staff
Emma Pseud

Millions of angry calls flooded the BBC switchboard last night when a clearly sober Irishman made a number of inoffensive remarks on the air.

Mr Terence Wogan, once famous as "Master of the Drivel", the world's best footlicker, had plainly had nothing to drink before the programme.

Viewers were simply shocked as an obviously sober Wogan introduced his guests and read his questions from the autocue.

These were typical of the shockingly bland questions that Wogan asked:

- "What is the name of your new b**k?"
- "What is the name of your latest f**m?"
- "Which theatre is your new p**y opening at?"

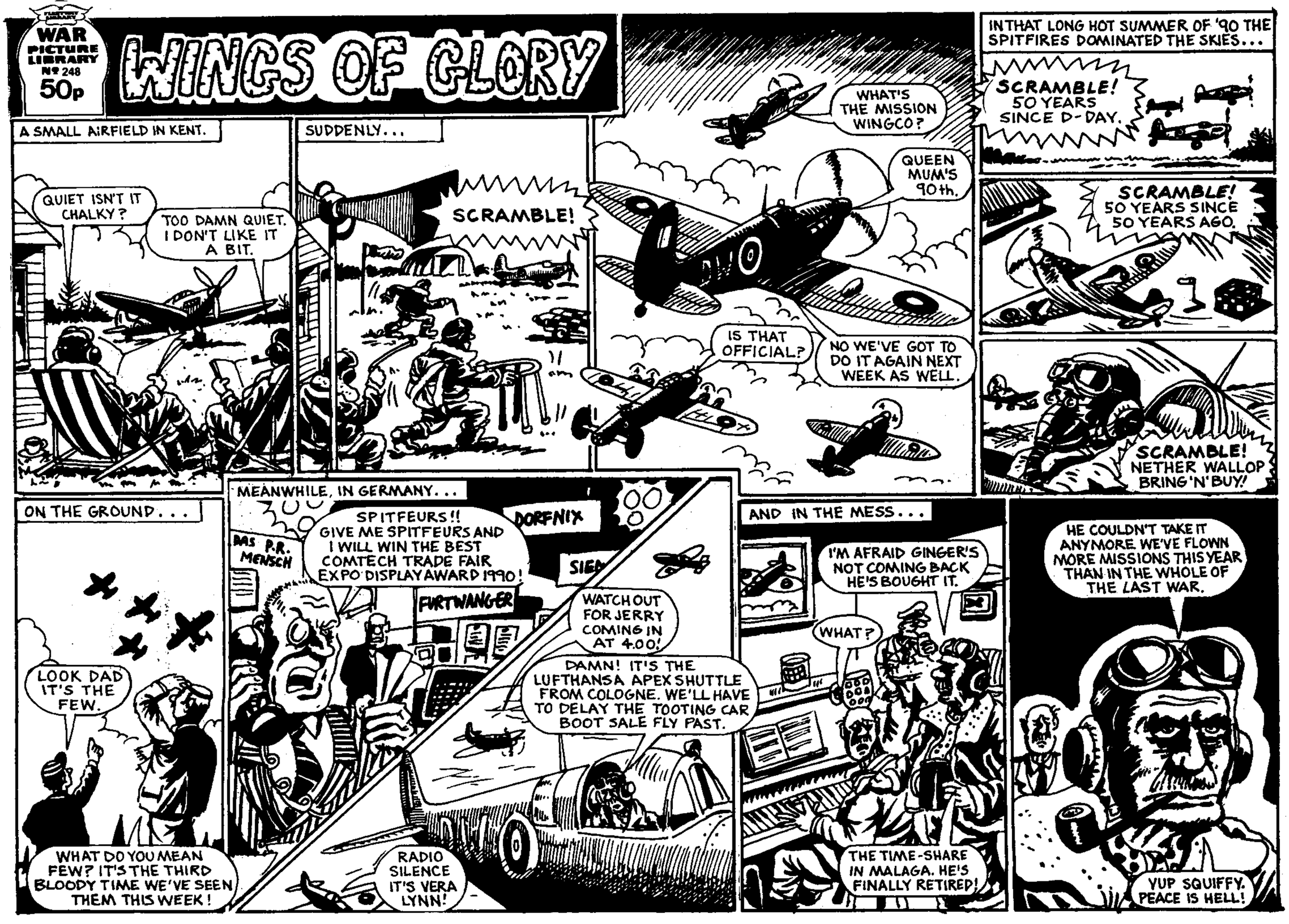
At one point the awake and unemotional Wogan leaned across to one of his guests and placed his hand on his knee.

One viewer told the Duty Log she would never watch Wogan again until next week.

Terry Wogan is 94.

Your Drunks Tonight

George Best . . . . . Bright Spells
Oliver Reed . . . . . Stormy Later
Jeff Bernard . . . Deep Depression


WAR PICTURE LIBRARY
Nº 248
50p
WINGS OF GLORY
A SMALL AIRFIELD IN KENT.
QUIET ISN'T IT CHALKY?
TOO DAMN QUIET. I DON'T LIKE IT A BIT.
SUDDENLY...
SCRAMBLE!
WHAT'S THE MISSION WINGCO?
QUEEN MUM'S 90th.
IS THAT OFFICIAL?
NO WE'VE GOT TO DO IT AGAIN NEXT WEEK AS WELL.
IN THAT LONG HOT SUMMER OF '90 THE SPITFIRES DOMINATED THE SKIES...
SCRAMBLE! 50 YEARS SINCE D-DAY.
SCRAMBLE! 50 YEARS SINCE 50 YEARS AGO.
SCRAMBLE! NETHER WALLOP BRING'N'BUY!
MEANWHILE, IN GERMANY...
DORFNIX
BAS P.R. MENSCH
SPITFEURS!! GIVE ME SPITFEURS AND I WILL WIN THE BEST COMTECH TRADE FAIR EXPO DISPLAY AWARD 1990!
FURTWANGER
WATCH OUT FOR JERRY COMING IN AT 4.00!
DAMN! IT'S THE LUFTHANSA APEX SHUTTLE FROM COLOGNE. WE'LL HAVE TO DELAY THE TOOTING CAR BOOT SALE FLY PAST.
RADIO SILENCE IT'S VERA LYNN!
ON THE GROUND...
LOOK DAD IT'S THE FEW.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN FEW? IT'S THE THIRD BLOODY TIME WE'VE SEEN THEM THIS WEEK!
AND IN THE MESS...
I'M AFRAID GINGER'S NOT COMING BACK HE'S BOUGHT IT.
WHAT?
THE TIME-SHARE IN MALAGA. HE'S FINALLY RETIRED!
HE COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. WE'VE FLOWN MORE MISSIONS THIS YEAR THAN IN THE WHOLE OF THE LAST WAR.
YUP SQUIFFY. PEACE IS HELL!

DAN DIRE WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE

HELL!

EXCLUSIVE 48 PAGE INTERVIEW WITH SADDAM HUSSEIN: FAMILY MAN, DOG LOVER AND GOLFER

MY NEW LOVE BY PRINCESS TRACY OF LUXEMBOURG

EXCLUSIVE: SALMAN RUSHDIE SHOW US ROUND HIS HIDEAWAY MAYFAIR PENTHOUSE

MICHAEL FISH: MY SECRET HEARTBREAK

DELLA FROM TV'S PERRY MASON TELLS OF HER DAUGHTER JASMINA'S NEW BABY ROXANNE – HEART WARMING PHOTOS

SIR ALASTAIR BURNET AT 90 – MORE HEART WARMING PHOTOS

PETER CARTER RUCK WELCOMES US ABOARD HIS LUXURY YACHT "The Libella"

HELLO!

NICHOLAS RIDLEY

AT STALLONE'S PARTY

Glamorous ex-Cabinet Minister "Nick Nick" Ridley was keen to shake off his anti-German image at Sly Stallone's party last week.

"It's rubbish," says the roguish ex-Department of Trade Supremo. "In fact, some of my best friends are Germans."

Looking relaxed and happy in the company of tennis superstar Steffi Graf, Nick winked at the *Hello* journalist and joked: "You're not Dominic Lawson, are you?"

Showbiz friends laughed heartily as "Nico" and Steffi proved that relationships between Germany and Britain are as cordial as ever.

"I'd better not mention Hitler, had I?" said the debonair chainsmoker. Steffi had to agree with him.

"Especially as he was in *Hello* last week!"

INTERVIEW: EVA BRAUNNOSE

DUDLEY MOORE'S 97th WIFE

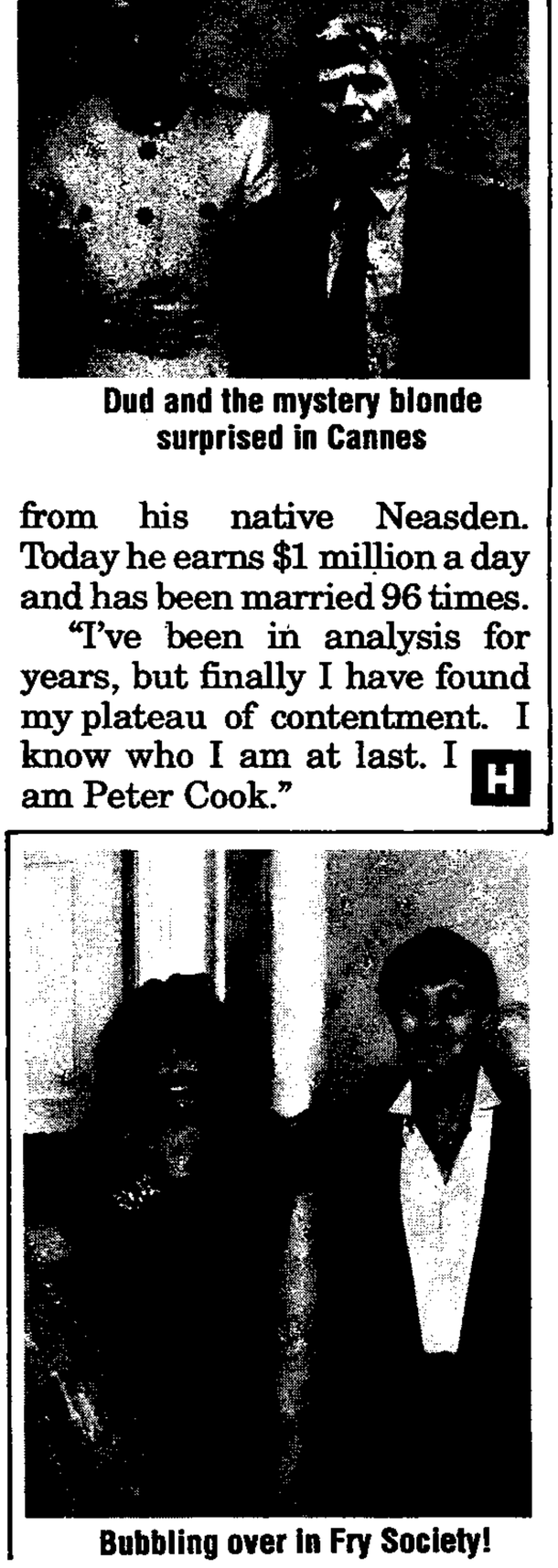
"This time it's for real." So says the diminutive Hollywood heartthrob, star of *11*, *Arthur*, *12*, *Arthur II*, *13*, *Arthur Scargill* and *94½*.

Dudley has been seen constantly in the company of a leggy blonde who, friends say, is deeply in love with the much-married Mini-Romeo from Beverly Hills.

Dudley has come a long way from his native Neasden. Today he earns $1 million a day and has been married 96 times.

"I've been in analysis for years, but finally I have found my plateau of contentment. I know who I am at last. I am Peter Cook."

Dud and the mystery blonde surprised in Cannes



Bubbling over in Fry Society!

STEPHEN FRY'S SECRET LOVE

NOW THEY TALK OPENLY

The popular star of TV's *Mr Jeeves* has revealed that his celibate days are over.

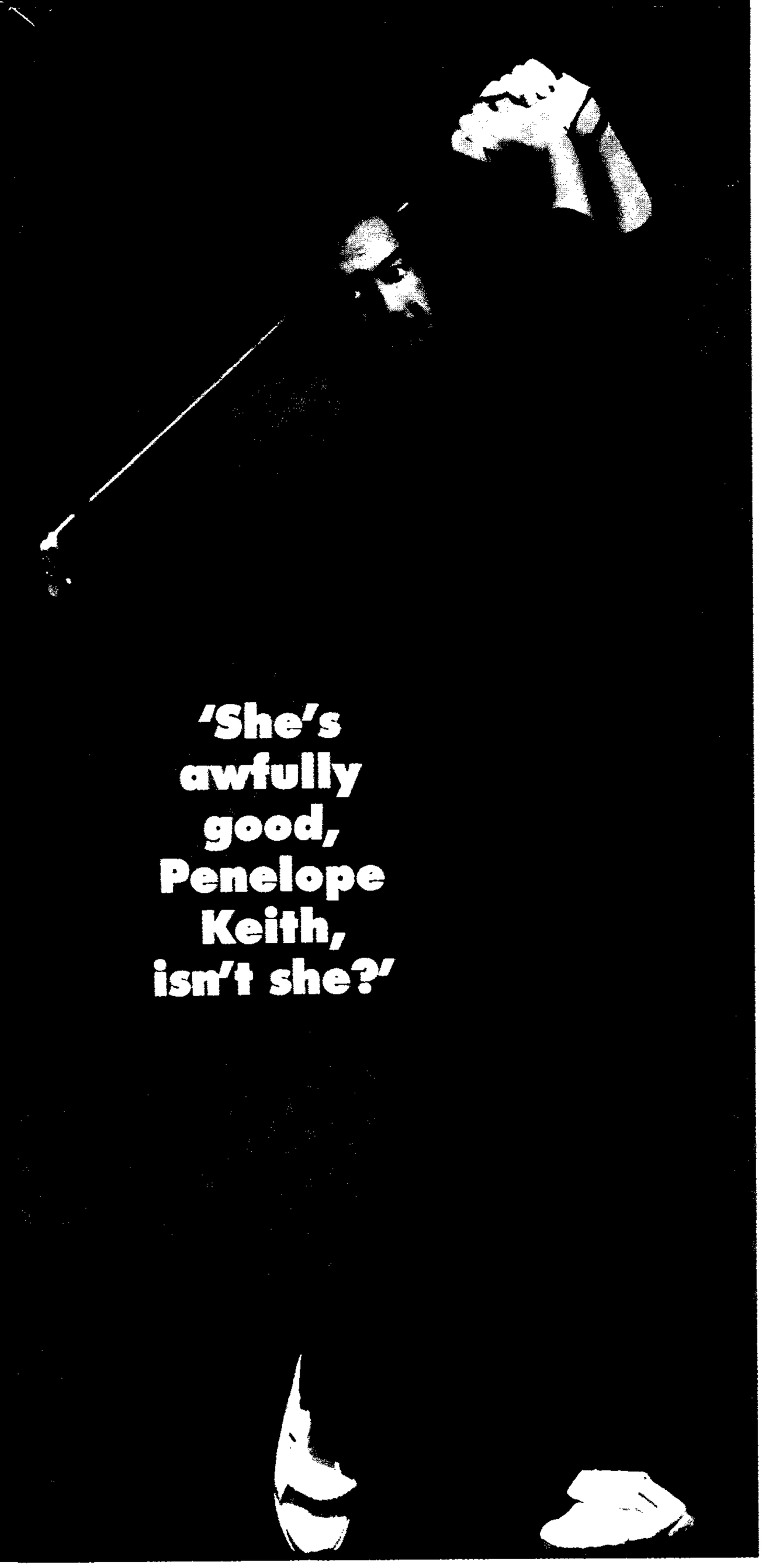
The 37-year-old bachelor, renowned for his portrayal of the immortal butler Bertie Jeeves, said he was "over the moon" about his new friend.

She is vivacious socialite Lady Bubbles Rothermere. The happy couple asked us into their secret love nest in the South of France to share their happiness.

For once the eloquent Fry was speechless as he gazed with obvious rapture at his newfound love partner. And Bubbles could hardly stop talking about "the divine Stephen".

"Most young people today are so uncouth but Stephen is a real gentleman of the old school. He brings me a cup of tea and the *Telegraph* every morning and says 'Good morning, M'Lady. I trust you slept well.'"

INTERVIEWER: JOCK McCRAWLER



'She's awfully good, Penelope Keith, isn't she?'

LORD DENNING

THE NEW WOMAN IN HIS LIFE

"She is the apple of my eye, of that there is no mistaking." So says controversial hanging judge Lord Denning, 97, pictured with six-foot blonde Hollywood actress Brigitte Nielsen, 26.

The couple met on the set of Brigitte's latest movie, *Mutant Legal Hero Turtles III*. "It was love at first sight," says Sylvester Stallone's ex. "Despite the difference in our ages, Tom and I are seeing a lot of each other. He has a great sense of humour and his own career as a celebrity, which is very important.

"I wish we could be together more but if you are with a major legal star you have to accept that he will always be on TV giving interviews."

(Continued from page 37)

So we had the living room done in chintz sent out from Harrods. Mohammed is an old friend.

And you've got your handicap down to single figures?

That's right. I suppose having my own golf course has made a difference. We flew in the grass from Ireland and we've had to water it every day with a million gallons. Still, I was determined to be good enough to play with Roger Moore and Michael Caine in the Pro-Celebrity Iraqi Open in March.

What sort of dogs are these?

I am an animal lover and I have many dogs, including these longhaired Russian Bazookis. The black one is Prince and the pure white one is Snowy. Come here, Snowy. Good boy!

Do you ever cook yourself?

There's nothing I enjoy more than an evening in the kitchen. Fatima tells me I make a superb doner kebab, though sometimes I just open a can of baked beans if it is only me.

And do you enjoy television?

Indeed I do. We have satellite and cable and I enjoy your British sense of humour. *Blackadder* is the favourite of the children but I prefer *To The Manor Born*.

I understand you do a lot of work for charity?

I only wish I had more time for that sort of thing. People in my position can do so much, I know.

Who do you most admire?

I think it is Mother Teresa, although if I had my time again it would have to be Jim Reeves. I am a great country fan and would love to bring the Grand Ol' Opry to Baghdad one day. H

INTERVIEWER: NOSTRILLO DE BRUNEI

ANDREAS WHITTAM-SMITH

THE INDEPENDENT MILLIONAIRE – AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

Newspaper Editor of the Year Convention.

Did you ever dream that one day you would live here?

I commute between Beverly Hills, my castle in Holstein-Pils, and my Belgravia flat. It's the only way to keep control over my empire. But it's more than just that, it's because I am one of nature's gypsies. I have to be on the move.

How do you keep yourself so wonderfully fit?

I have a gym here in the basement and at the *Independent*, as you know, we have a staff workout every lunch hour. I swim a lot, the pool here was designed for me by Matty Symonds Jr *(an Olympic coach)* and it's the most up-to-date in the world. I get my best ideas swimming. For example, when I was diving into the deep end I thought of launching a Sunday newspaper.

How much money have you got?

I am very wealthy, very wealthy indeed. But money is not important to me. The paper is what matters. The paper that the shares are printed on.

Do you have any plans for the future?

We are planning to launch a special Monday paper. Our market research indicates there is a demand for a new type of Monday newspaper for people who don't normally buy a paper on Monday. We've got a dummy. He's called Steven Glover. Ha ha ha.

Andreas, how long have you had this delightful Hollywood mansion?

Ramona and I first came to LA in 1989 when I was Guest of Honour at the International

Thank you Sir Andreas for giving us so much of your valuable time.

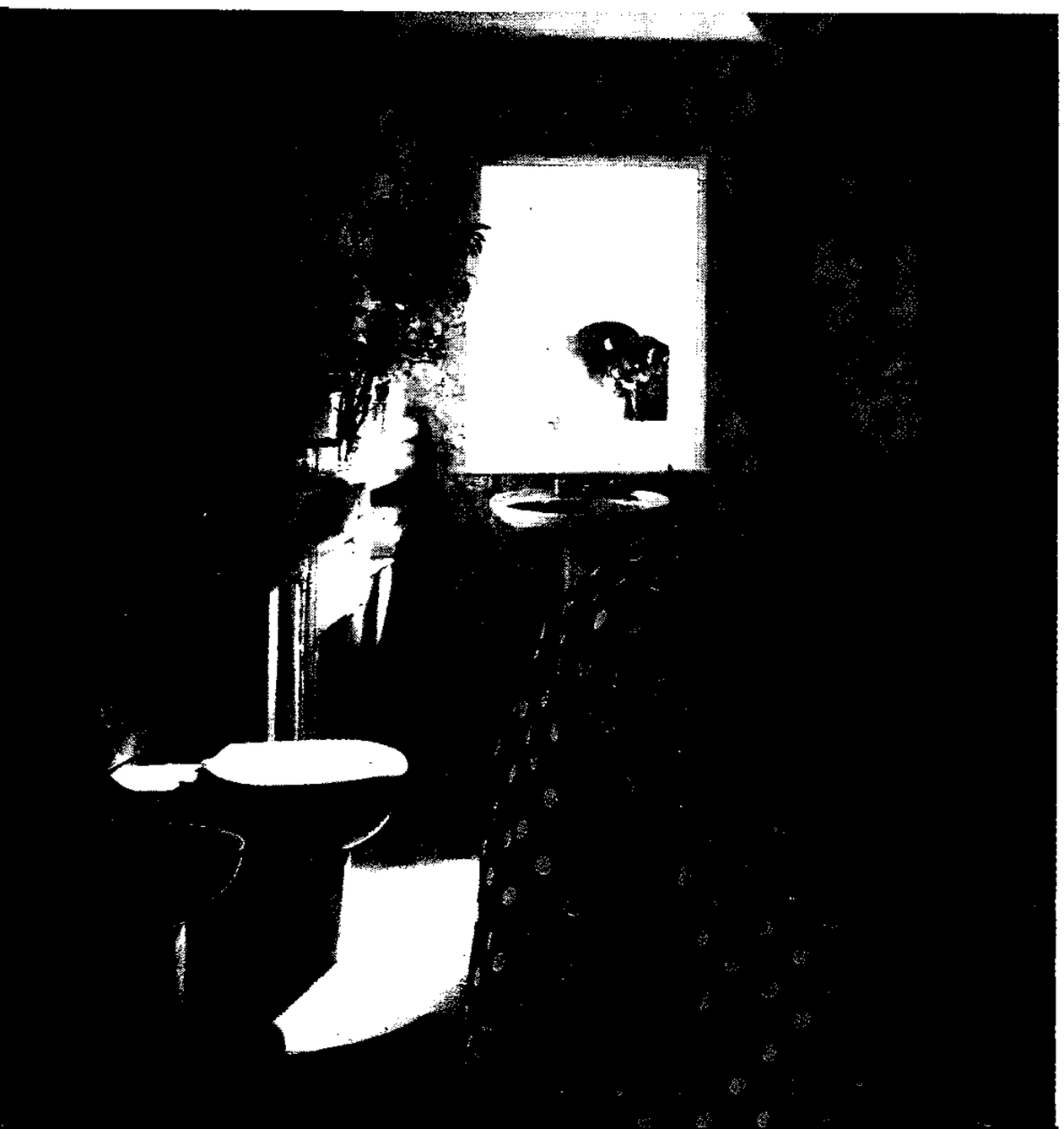
INTERVIEW: ALFREDO DE NEZBRUN

THE DUCHESS OF YORK

PROUDLY SHOWS US HER SMALLEST ROOM

"Although we call it the smallest room, in fact it's one of the largest," said the beautiful red-haired Duchess of York when she gave us an exclusive glimpse of the David Hicks designed Royal Toilet Complex at the Yorks' brand new Sunningdale theme mansion.

"I could spend hours in here," laughed the country's most popular Royal as she posed demurely *(continued next issue)* H



THE WEDDING OF JEFF BERNARD AND PRINCESS VODKA

There were over 2,000 guests at the Chapel of San Raphael in the Principality of Monaco when playboy millionaire Jeff Bernard married his sixth wife, the lovely Princess Vodka of Smirnoff, the 337th in line to the throne of Bulgaria.

The couple hope to settle in Jersey, where Jeff has bought a £6 million country estate complete with swimming pool, helicopter pad and private bar.

"My play is so successful now that I will never have to work again. Not that I ever did before," he added jokingly. "I would love to take my bride to meet my Soho friends, but the tax laws make it impossible."

Princess Vodka looked stunning in her Norman Balon designer trousseau.

"He is the sweetest man alive and we are very much in love. His wild days are over. From now on, the strongest thing he'll drink is a cup of tea." H

INTERVIEWER: BRUNO NOSE

Author 'profoundly shocked' by own book

by Our Media Staff
Jane Thynne-Stuff

Best-selling author Mr Nigel Nicolson yesterday launched a strong attack on himself for revealing intimate secrets of his parents' love-life in a forthcoming BBC docu-drama *Carry On Sissinghurst.*

"I was shocked," the 73-year-old retired former war criminal said from his Kent home yesterday, "when I discovered that the book contained explicit scenes of steamy lesbian love-bonks involving my parents.

"How on earth could I have written this stuff?" Mr Nicolson spluttered. "It is disgraceful what people will do for money these days. When I published my book *Portrait of a Legover*, it was widely acclaimed as a sensitive and tasteful account of how both my parents were gay.

"But now I find I have sold the rights to the BBC, who are planning to show my father and mother as nothing less than raging homosexuals."

Meanwhile there are also plans to turn Mr Nicolson's book into a musical. Andrew Lloyd-Webber said last night: "We have already come up with the title, *Vita!*, and the rest should be no problem."

Carry On Sissinghurst

Vita Sackville-West	HATTIE JACQUES
Violet Trefusis	BARBARA WINDSOR
Harold Nicolson	KENNETH WILLIAMS
Nigel Nicolson	CHARLES HAWTREE
Head gardener	SID JAMES

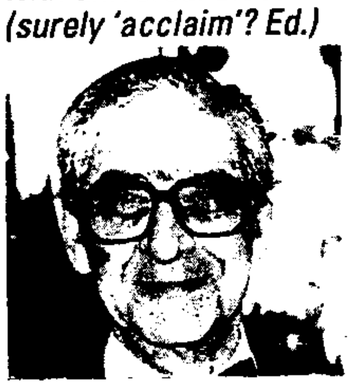
Your Cut-Out-And-Keep Guide to Booker 90

PENELOPE FITZTIGHTLY, 52. Last year's Chairman of the Judges is hotly tipped this year for *Mrs Fothergill and the Angel*, a brilliantly wry academic novel set in 20th-century Cambridge containing a brilliantly wry pastiche of an academic novel set in 19th-century Cambridge containing a *(That's enough pastiche — Ed.)*

A.S. DRABBLE, 52. Runner-up two years ago with her wryly brilliant novel *The Pomegranate Tree*, this year she has produced a reconstruction of the imaginary correspondence between Immanuel Kant and Margaret Byatt, a 20th-century Hampstead bluestocking married to the wryly brilliant biographer Michael Ackroyd, whose huge three-volume advance on George Bernard Levin was greeted with universal disbelief *(surely 'acclaim'? Ed.)*

BERYL BRAINBRIDGE, 52, whose brilliant short novella of life in 1940s Liverpool, *An Awfully Large Drink*, tells of how a lady novelist comes up and gets drunk at the *Spectator* party, where she is invited to become one of next year's Booker judges.

BREEAN McBEHAN, 52, who drew on his experience as one of last year's judges for his *Amongst Women*, a brilliantly taut thriller describing how an Irish writer finds himself one of only two Irish writers on a shortlist full of women novelists who want to give the Booker Prize to each other.



MORT GURSKY, 73. The dark horse in the race. Gursky's first novel for 40 years is an outside chance. *Solomon Rushdie Isn't Here* tells of how a brilliant and controversial author produces a children's book about the life of a brilliant and controversial author and yet how this book fails to get onto the Booker shortlist when books by obscure Canadians make it.

HILARY MANDELA, 52. Fancied as this year's No. 1 judge, her *Eyeless In Gazza* was shortlisted last year for its wryly brilliant portrait of life among Palestinian Arabs in the Gaza strip, unable to get hold of copies of *Private Eye (Shurely shome mishtakes? Ed.)*

Latest odds

Gazzaville Beach by William Prettyboyd 5-2
The Amputated Leg by Ian McMaggot 10-4
Ali Babar and the Forty Elephants by Salman Rushdie 5000-1

That French Motorway Sizzler in full

Starters

2 doz. Live Baby Lambs on a Lorry D'Anglais

— ❋ —

Followed by

Roast Lamb in Paraffin Sauce
or
Very Roast Lamb on a Bed of Charcoal and Burnt Rubber

— ❋ —

Followed by

Lamb Brulée
Crepe d'Agneau

— ❋ —

Wines and Spirits

Mouton Calais 1990
Lamb's Navy Rum

Celeb

THE PROSECUTION IN YOUR MANSLAUGHTER CASE ARE GOING TO DO THEIR UTMOST TO DEPICT YOU AS SOME SORT OF DEBAUCHED VIOLENT MONSTER.
AS YOUR LAWYER I SUGGEST WE COMBAT THIS BY ASKING A CELEBRITY FRIEND OF YOURS TO APPEAR IN COURT AS A CHARACTER REFERENCE.
SOMEONE WHO WILL MAKE THE JURY SEE THAT YOU'RE NOT REALLY THE ULTIMATE OGRE AND EPITOME OF DEPRAVITY AFTER ALL.
I KNOW JUST THE MAN.
MAG.
OLIVER REED?
YEAH. HE'LL MAKE ME LOOK LIKE AN ANGEL WON'T HE?

LIGGER

Continuing our serialisation of the book that nobody wants to read, I Was Totally Brilliant *by Lord Suit of Suit (formerly David Young).*

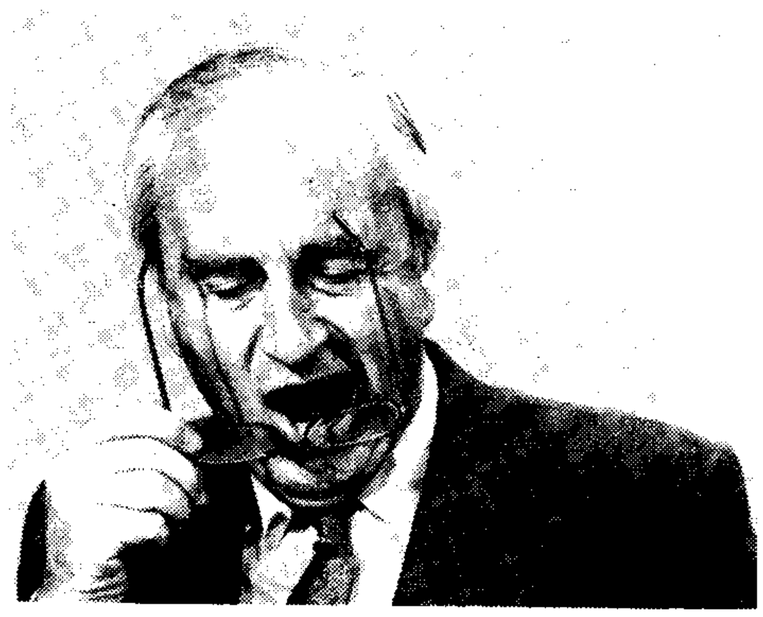
Chapter 94: Tebbit Tries To Lose Us The 1987 Election, But I Manage To Win It Brilliantly.

THE amazing thing about my time as Secretary of State for Enterprise, which was probably the most important job in Britain at that time, is how many brilliant new ideas I seemed to have every morning. There was, for instance, the celebrated British Business Sizzler Initiative, whereby top businessmen from all over the country were encouraged to meet each other on Intercity trains to discuss breakfast.

My idea was a great success and the Prime Minister, quite rightly, said: "You are simply brilliant, David. Other people bring me problems. You bring me bacon, sausage, egg and tomato." *[For full details of menu see Gnomefax P. 94.]*

My next brilliant idea was probably even more brilliant than all the other brilliant ideas I'd had. This was to win the next election, a thought which had not at that time occurred to anyone else, particularly Norman Tebbit, whom the Prime Minister confidentially used to describe as "totally useless". This was, of course, only in confidence.

One day during the campaign, I arrived at No. 10 to find Tebbit



white-faced and trembling, saying: "We're going to lose." The Prime Minister was equally scared. "Ah," she said, visibly brightening, as I entered, "here is the only man in Britain who can save us."

I immediately took charge, and gripping Tebbit by the lapels I threw him out of the door. "You're finished Tebbit," I spat, "and so are those little Saatchi friends of yours."

I then had the brilliant idea of inviting Tim Bell to come round, who suggested the brilliant slogan VOTE CONSERVATIVE — an idea I had first given to him over lunch at L'Etoilette two weeks before.

The Prime Minister gasped when she saw how I had completely turned round the election campaign by my decisive intervention. Within two days we had carried the country by a huge landslide, and Tebbit was completely discredited and fired. All that was left to him was some pitiful job running British Telecom, which incidentally he had helped to privatise. To my mind, this sort of "sleaze" politics had no place in Lord Suit's Britain, as many were now beginning to call it.

My next amazingly brilliant idea was to get the European Community to use a standard light bulb. It had not escaped my notice that light bulbs throughout Europe were widely different. Some had metal prongs, others had screw-in fittings. It was precisely the kind of mess that needed my creative thinking to solve.

I soon came up with the brilliant idea of the Single European Light Bulb which would be exactly the same whichever conference centre in Europe you were staying in. If, for instance, the light bulb in your hotel room went out while you were asleep, in the morning you could simply replace it with one from your own briefcase.

Imagine the billions of executive hours that could be saved by this brilliantly simple scheme. In fact, Mrs Thatcher said at the time: "Other people bring me problems, David brings me light bulbs."

In 1988, after a string of extraordinary successes, I was summoned by the Prime Minister. "David," she said, "other people get promotion, but you get the sack."

© *Suittrash Productions, 1990.*

NEXT WEEK: How my old friends at Cable and Wireless were good enough to give me an £800,000-a-year job as a gesture of respect for my impartiality in supporting their franchise.

Thatcher apologises to Czechs

by Our Man In Prague
Havel Niceday

In an emotional address to the Czechoslovak Dumke (parliament), Mrs Thatcher today offered the Czechs a "profound apology" for the shameful behaviour of Britain towards them over the past 50 years.

"We let you down in 1938," she said, "we let you down in 1948 and we let you down again in 1968. You will notice that those three dates, which live in infamy in the history of my country, have one thing in common. They all preceded my own succession to the British premiership.

"When we contemplate the appalling mistakes made by such men as Chamberlain, Attlee and Wilson, we can be deeply grateful that at last we have a prime minister with the determination and resolve to stand up to these evil dictators."

She went on to apologise to President Havel in person for the recent "shameful" remarks of her predecessor, Mr Edward Heath, who had called for a "negotiated settlement with Adolf Hitler".

Those Thatcher-Havel talks in full

THATCH: Mr President, it is indeed an honour for you to meet me, since I represent everything for which you gallant little people have been yearning and fighting for so long — privatisation, the sale of council houses, democracy and a fair substitute for the rating system.

HAVEL: Hi, Maggie, it's great to welcome the prime minister of the country that gave the world the Beatles, Mick Jagger and Pink Floyd. They are very big over here. Have you brought any of their albums?

(Lights joint)

CONFERENCE REPORT

Top comic wows delegates at Party Conference

by Our Political Staff
Alan Watneys

The political world was rocked to its foundations yesterday when Britain's most popular comedian stood on the platform of the SDLSP alongside the party leader and received a standing ovation from the delegate.

Paddy Ashdown, former star of the knockabout TV series *Fawlty Alliance*, delighted his audience as he reeled off one joke after another, to the obvious delight of the normally serious party leader John Cleese.

In a brilliant parody of the "old-style politics", Ashdown began his act with the words: "Make no mistake, we in the Liberal Social Democrats are at the cutting edge of the sharp end of the politics of tomorrow."

As his audience roared with laughter, he went on: "What this party stands for are the five 'E's — er, er, er, er, er, that's it."

The party faithful, Woy and Shirley Bonkers, wept openly as he went into his closing routine — the famous Dead Logo sketch.

"The only thing this party stands for," he concluded, "is PR — and that's why we've spent a fortune hiring these men with suits to tell us how to raise enough money to pay their salaries next year."

Sir David Steel is 86.

Lieutenant Colonel Stephen Vowles said the three appeared on the same charge sheet only because each had admitted smoking cannabis with one of the others. There were no joint charges.
Shropshire Star

And that is certainly true for the Birling family in J.B. Priestley's modern classic An Inspector Calls which is being revived at Bromley's Churchill Theatre.

Alfred Marks lays the officer of the title, although in this clever mystery his character has hidden depths.
Caterham Comet Leader

More than a quarter of those questioned are also critical about the number of spelling mistakes and gramatical errors in CVs, as well as their scruffy appearance and sparce detail.
Daily Telegraph

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles has gone to a mystery retreat in France to recuperate from the operation on his arm.

Now read on...

THE CLOCK of the ancient ivy-clad Petite Eglise de Saint Denis de Thatch struck twelve and the sound echoed across the wooded slopes of the Val de Bergerac.

In the autumn sunshine Charles sat on a single stone bench in the exact centre of a curiously laid out formal garden which, when seen from the air, created the effect of a five-pointed star.

On each point grew an ancient tree. A fruit-bearing *Rowan atkinsonii*, a towering Robert Elm, a slender Maplethorpe, a flowering Harry Lime, and a Paddy Ash, especially imported from County Down.

Charles had been sitting absolutely still since sun-up, as instructed, and now he was looking forward to the midday drink that the Marquise de Quaque had promised she would bring "when the sun is over the east turret".

The letter from his friend and mentor Sir Laurens van der Post that had brought him to this magical place lay on his lap. Charles read it again.

"My dear boy. I commend to you my wise friend Madeleine de Quaque, who is blessed with special healing powers. Place yourself in her hands and I feel sure that the curative powers of 'Le Jardin de Cinque Arbres' will work its miracle. Follow her instructions to the letter and you will be really amazed. As I said in my book, *The Tree Spirits of the Matzos*, 'Time is the great healer'. I think you'll find when you think about it that you will agree with me that that is very true, very true indeed. Your old friend and mentor, Sir L. v. der P."

Charles's spirits were temporarily revived by this affectionate missive, but, still, a month was a jolly long time to sit motionless in a garden on a rather hard stone bench.

It had to be said however on the plus side that a bit of peace and quiet was just what he needed. Diana had been right about that. It really was thoughtful of her to have arranged it all with Sir Laurens. To be totally alone and to try and forget all the strain and stress and that sort of thing that someone in his position had to put up with...

The spiteful comments about his use of the National Health Service; the letters from the Peat Board complaining that he was putting traditional rural peat-cutters out of work; the art critics sneering at his collection of water colours which actually Sir Hugh Cashin had compared to Poisson and Verdigris, who, he imagined, were rather good...

Suddenly he was distracted by the sight of a figure in black coming down the central path, carrying a glass on a silver tray. It was the Marquise herself, her grey hair glinting under a tall black hat of unusual design — no doubt a local Bergerac costume, Charles thought to himself.

"Ah, Bonjour, Madame La Marquise. Quelle jolie jour, n'est-ce pas?"

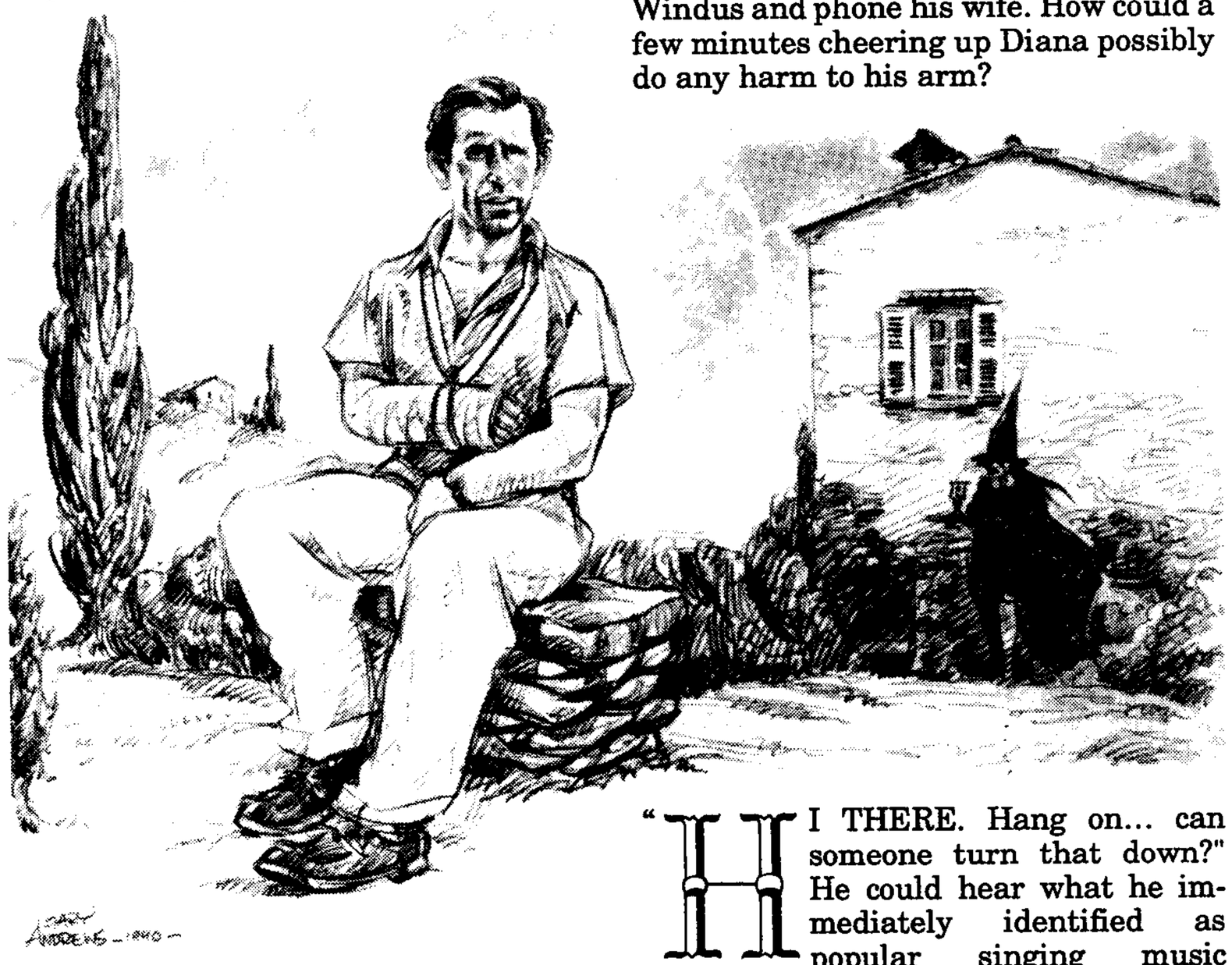
The old lady put her finger to her lips.

"Silence, mon brave. Please to sit like the statue or the charm will not work."

Charles smiled weakly.

"Absolument," he agreed, and sat bolt upright.

"Already I can see les arbres are bending toward you," she crooned.



Charles eyed the glass nervously. Was it some kind of herbal potion? She must have read his thoughts, for the ancient beldame immediately placed the glass to his lips and ordered: "Drink it down now. One gulp, et voilà! All ze healing spirit of ze earth is in zis potion. Ze flowers, ze butterflies, ze song of ze humming birds..."

Charles swallowed hard. It tasted of rotting vegetables and cough mixture.

"C'est bien, n'est-ce pas? What is ze word in English?" asked his hostess.

Charles thought hard, but only one word came to mind. Appalling. He was surprised to hear himself say it out loud.

"Appalling. It vraiment is..."

Her old eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Appoling," she repeated and smiled. "I will bring another one at midnight."

So saying, she turned and left Charles alone with his thoughts.

ALONE with his thoughts, Charles watched the moon rise as he had done every night for the last week. He heard an owl hoot in the Forêt de Pardieu. He very nearly hooted back, so limited was his contact with the outside world.

The ritual of the drink with the Marquise was becoming insufferable, as was her repetition of the word "appalling" every time she brought it. And that hat on her head — he now remembered what it reminded him of. It was like the hat that his brother Edward wore at Hallowe'en when he rushed in on a broomstick shouting "Trick or treat, Chazzo?"

The memory of his family warmed his heart, and he wondered what they were doing now, Diana especially, with no one to talk to in his long absence.

When he got back to his room he promised himself that he would secretly break the laws of the Chateau de Windus and phone his wife. How could a few minutes cheering up Diana possibly do any harm to his arm?

"HI THERE. Hang on... can someone turn that down?" He could hear what he immediately identified as popular singing music pounding out from the gramophone device that Diana had installed at Highgrove.

"It's Charles here."

"Charles Ricketson-Smythe? I thought you were in Lanzaroti with Emma Bimbeau..."

Charles heard another voice enquire who was on the phone.

"It's me, Charles Windsor. Diana's Charles. And I'm in France."

The music seemed to be getting louder.

"Charles Dance? Hey, everybody, it's Charles Dance! He's coming to the party. Brill! See you in a minute. You know the way. I'll tell Diana. She'll be over the moon."

The man at the other end hung up, and Charles felt his arm begin to throb. Perhaps, after all, the rules of the mysterious Chateau ought not to be broken.

(To be continued)

World Exclusive!!!

Ex-King lost throne through tiny pecker

by Hugh Montgomery-Massivepecker

THE FORMER King of England, Edward VIII, I can reveal, was forced to abdicate because his pecker was too small.

So last night claimed the new soaraway *Daily Telegraph* in a desperate attempt to win readers back from the *Daily Mail* in the battle for the top end of the A-B quality market.

The *Telegraph* based its astonishing claim that the former Prince of Wales's organ was of minuscule proportions on the authoritative word of the late Lord Tutankhamen (or "Tootie-Frootie", as he was known).

Tootie, in an exclusive late-night seance interview with the well-known South London spiritualist Mrs A.N. "Doris" Wilson, revealed that the late Duke of Windsor was so under-endowed that only Mrs Simpson was able to detect his

member's presence.

It was this, leading historians now believe, which made the Abdication crisis of 1937 inevitable.

REMEMBER

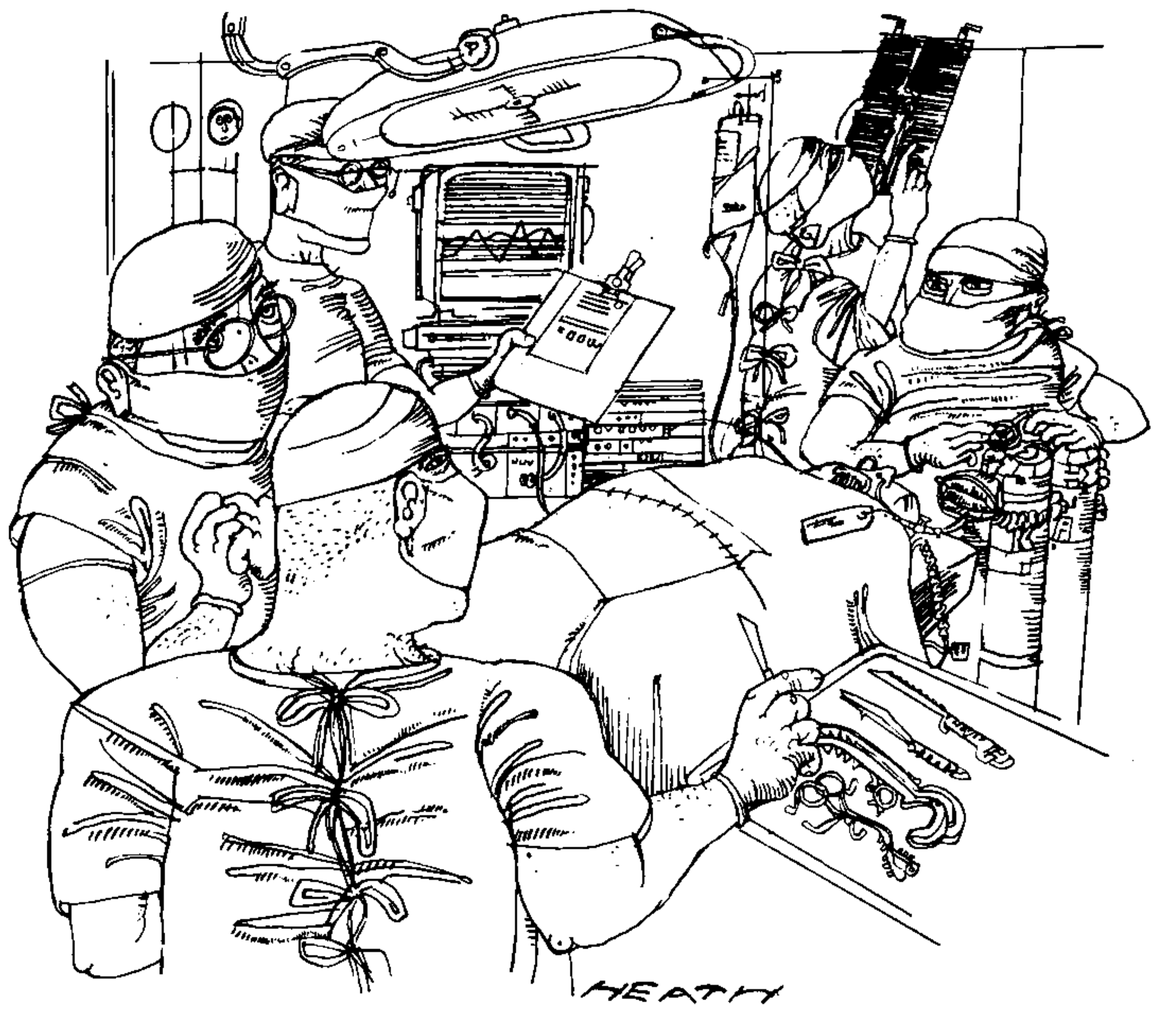
There's more fun in the Telegraph!

New from the Eye

Yes, It's Sissinghurst Rhyming Slang!

Vita Sackville-West	**Likes women best**
Violet Trefusis	**Never refuses**
Moustache tickles 'em	**Harold Nicholson**
Nigel Nicholson	**Rather a fickle son**
National Trust	**Terrific bust**
Soft porn	**Ornamental lawn**
Potting shed	**Two-in-a-bed**
Nasturtium	**Perversion**
Naked breasts	**Sackville-Wests**
Country hikes	**Designer dykes**
Cor! Phew!	**BBC 2**
Nicholson, Senior	**Could have been queenier**
Nicholson, Junior	**Getting loonier**

(That's enough slang, Ed.)



Great Bores Of Today.

"...I've got to go into court again this week her lawyers are now disputing petrol money it never ends it's a nightmare I've already given the house away and we settled for 20 grand maintenance that's not including school fees and her car her mother's living in the flat and she sends me all the bills gas electricity poll tax you name it I'm stuck with it and I'm paying her costs in court and she's got the most expensive lawyers in town and what galls me is that she's actually living with someone and I'm paying for him as well since he doesn't work he's supposed to be a model or he's agoraphobic or something people tell me I'm working too hard dead right I am if I don't put in the hours where's the money coming from? I've got my own expenses and my new lady and her kids are used to a certain standard of living her husband has gone off to Majorca and won't give her a penny what's this one in for? remind me again..."

Neasden Olympic bid fails

by Our Olympic Staff
Lunchtime O'Lympics

There were tears streaming down the face of Brig. Buffy Cohen yesterday, as he saw his dreams of huge personal wealth fly across the Atlantic.

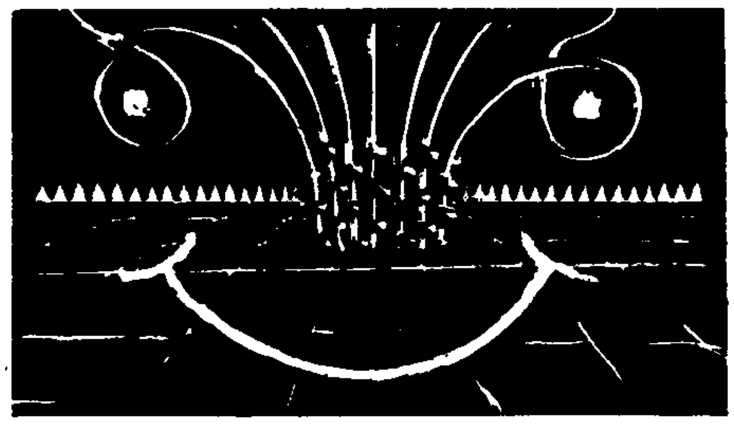
As Chairman of the "Neasden 96 Committee", Brig. Cohen had pledged no less than £200 of his own money to support the North London suburb's bid to stage the 1996 Olympic Games.

"What more could we have done?" asked the well-known launderama magnate. "We had a video made of my daughter Roxanne in traditional Neasden costume of jeans and trainers, standing by the boating pool in the George V Memorial Park, holding a sign saying 'This could be the world's first custom-built international Synchronised Swimming Complex if we get the Games'.

"She is then seen walking towards the 'Olympic Village', at present a room above Monty Gerhardi's Fags'n'Mags Video Emporium, singing the specially-composed Neasden Olympic anthem 'Come to Neasden and give us all your money'."

But, alas, last night Roxanne was in tears as well, as the news was flashed through that the 1996 Olympics are not to go to Neasden after all, but are to be held instead in New Neasdenville, Georgia. "What have they got that we haven't," she sobbed, "except 2,000 billion dollars from Coca Cola?"

DIARY



PADDY ASHDOWN MP

What a great conference the Liberal Democrats had last week. Absolutely first class, as was testified by a poll of all members taken on the final day.

35% of Liberal Democrats correctly identified the name of the new party. Encouraging stuff.

42% were able to identify the animal on our new "logo" as a bird in flight, rising to 48% among rural members. Of the remaining 58%, fewer than 20% believed that it was a hand in a rubber glove, possibly a mugger, and only 31% thought that it was a spider, probably poisonous. First class news.

A few more figures, all tremendously positive. Of my own Front Bench team in the House of Commons — great guys — the polls suggest that a full 65% could identify me from a straightforward photograph, and another 24% were able to come up with very close suggestions, some taking me for Dr David Owen, others believing me to be one of the main characters from the popular long-running television series *Star Trek*.

What a frankly excellent series *Star Trek* is, incidentally. I'm one of its greatest fans, and there is nothing I welcome more after a good thrashing of the local assault course than to relax with a glass of Kaliber in my fist, to press the correct button on the infra-red TV control panel and to glean what I can from the terrific team on the Starship Enterprise. I'm proud to say that many of Captain Kirk's excellent proposals for the future safety and wellbeing of our planet have, over the years, been incorporated into some of our most forward-thinking party documents. Take the important issue of the Environment. In episode 235, you will remember, when Spock visited the planet Zygo, he found his way through a process of dematerialisation to the throne of the Emperor Plazco. A being of great vision, Plazco gave Spock this stern warning to take to the inhabitants of the Planet Earth. "Mr Spock," he said. "Tell this to your fellow man. The bird cannot swim in water and the fish cannot fly in the air. Plazco hath spoke."

Profound words indeed, and I am delighted that we as a party have seen fit to incorporate them into our vital policy document, "What Price Our Planet". If you turn to page 68, Section 4, sub-section (iii), you will find more of Plazco's environmental initiatives. For instance: "The Liberal Democrats stand firmly against any NATO commitment to invade the Planet Urthg without adequate warning. There can be no question of coalition after the next election without across-the-board agreement that Zwimma, Supreme Magnon of Dritz, will be first welcomed in a spirit of mutual understanding." Let us stand by these words, and we will gain the confidence and trust of the British people.

A word or two on the present Gulf Conflict. I send this message loud and clear to Saddam Hussein. If you tinker with other countries you tinker too with the Liberal Democratic Party. If you invade Saudi Arabia, you invade Robert Maclennan. If you mess about with Kuwait, you mess about with David Alton. If you invade many more countries before next September, the next year's Liberal Democratic Conference at Bournemouth will not hesitate — I repeat, will not hesitate — to draw up a suitably worded amendment motion asking you in the strongest possible terms to ponder your actions. You have been warned, Saddam. If, by any chance, you would prefer a longer warning, do get in touch with Charles Kennedy. We have a President too, you know.

Let us as Liberal Democrats say this loudly and clearly. Let us take this message of ours to the heart of the country. Let us turn around and say that we are no more a party of looking backwards than we are a party of standing still. We want to engage in the battle of ideas. We want to stand up and be counted. We want to say to our children's children, we are your grandparents. We are the party of optimism, of realism, of dynamism, of freedom. We have a very real determination to combine the old with the new, the future with the past. Our message is that our message is a message which deserves to be taken to the very heart of this nation. Let us have the courage to pick up our roots, to hold them up high in the air and to say to the British people with one voice — this tree will never die!

A few snipers outside this great party of ours have complained that my wife does not have a christian name.

I'd like to point out to these snipers that we are a democratic party. We don't have these decisions foisted on us from above. Far from it. We take a secret ballot of the constituency parties, thus gaining a short list, and at next year's Conference we put it to the vote. Yvonne, Jill, Rosemary, Liz — these are all strong contenders. But let us not be hasty. When the time comes to name her, she will have a name. But not until.

28 September 1990 ● **THE SUNDAY TIMES**

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on List
1	George Blake	–	–
2	Charles Kennedy	–	–
3	Nigel Kennedy	9	31
4	Nigel Mansell	7	5
5	Brian Appleyard	–	–
6	Sue Lawley	10	105
7	Anthony Holden	4	73
8	Michael Ignatieff	8	2101
9	Karl-Heinz Stockhausen	5	374
10	Gazza	1,2,3	46

We would like to thank the *Independent Saturday Magazine* for their help in compiling this week's Bores

"Truly, He is a 'Jealous God'!"

Literary Review

Bouquet of Barbied dolls

The Beauty Myth
Naomi Wolf
Chatto, £13.95

PUBLISHERS — why else would they be publishers? — lack information. To them a new book is only ever comprehensible as another version of an old book. So you get "in the tradition of..." — as it might be, James Bond, Iris Murdoch, Wicked Willie.

Chatto came up with a corker for *The Beauty Myth*: "The direct descendant of *The Second Sex* and *The Female Eunuch*, this book is a cultural hand grenade for the Nineties." It's a perfect sentence, the second half unexpectedly matching the wondrous fatuity of the first.

This, Chatto says, is "the book which will, finally, change women's lives." Perhaps by finally sickening them with such books. For *The Beauty Myth* is just a mess — a cultural spongebag for the nineties, they might have said.

It slops pitifully around a painful and unresolvable subject: the importance of appearances. Any real thought about this subject would involve thought about what it is to be at once body and soul, to have life on the condition of death, to live in time — thorny problems which numerous brainy characters have pondered inconclusively, problems not likely suddenly to be cleared up for good by a brightly packaged item from Chatto.

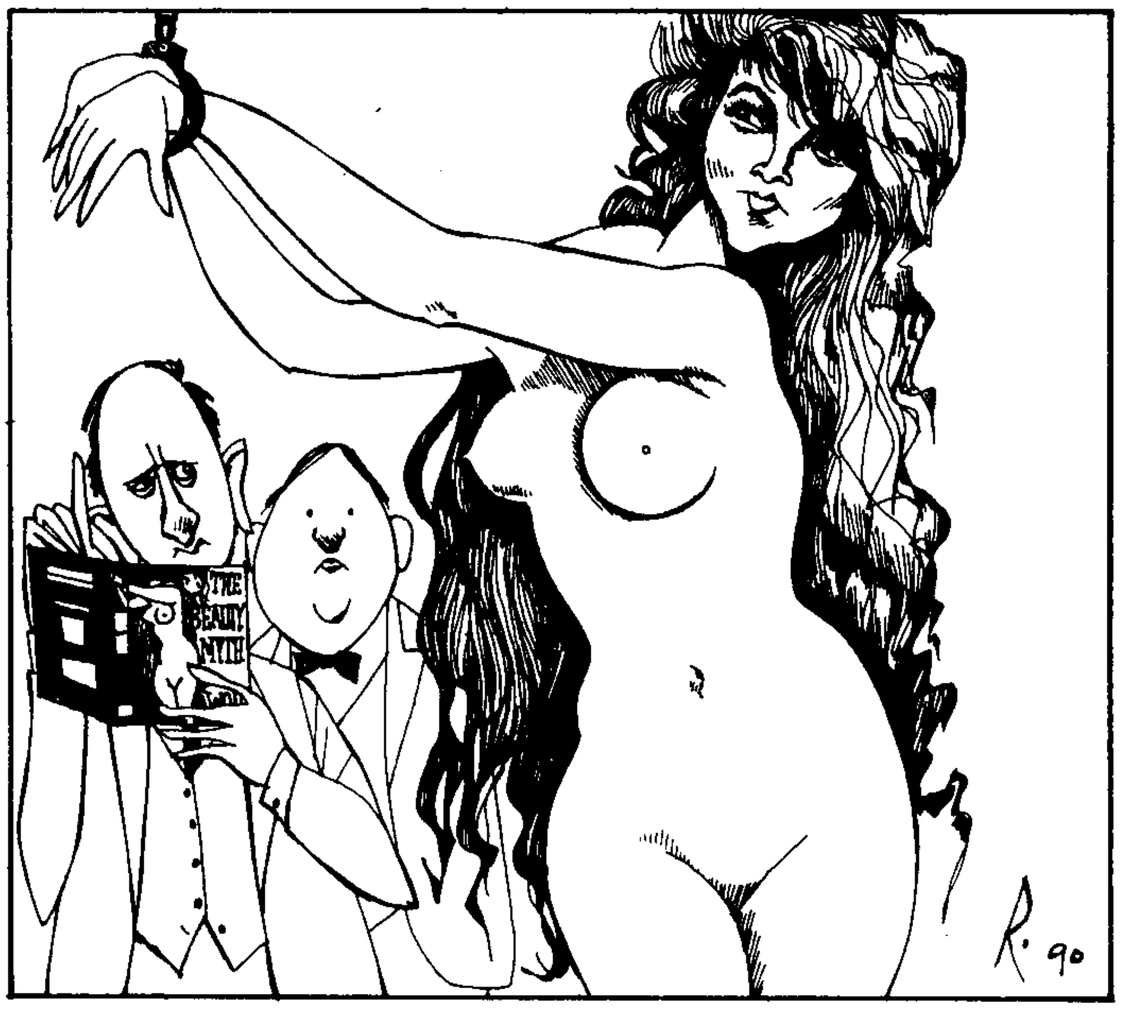
There is *no* thought here, only agitation. Naomi Wolf believes that women, having won the freedoms fought for by an earlier generation of feminists, are putting themselves back in chains by preoccupation with slenderness and beauty — a new phenomenon, according to her.

She's hysterical. Sample: "The experience of living in an anorexic body, even if that body is housed in an affluent suburb, is the experience of a body living in Bergen-Belsen..." Dieting, she thinks, is "more bizarre than cannibalism".

Her final chapter, on going "Beyond the Beauty Myth", is a bouquet of imperious idiocies. "We must see that it does not matter what women look like so long as they feel beautiful" — and why not let's see that the Iraqis lie down with the Israelis, while we're about it?

Women must be nicer to other women. "Older women can look at a young woman struggling at something familiar and take her out for coffee." They *can*?

We arrive at the end of the world.



"It is also in men's interest to undo the myth because" — wait for it — "the survival of the planet depends on it." For the usual reasons.

There is one interesting section which explains the rest. Naomi Wolf had a miserable year as an anorexic teenager, and self-importantly she is still looking for someone else to blame. "Who is obliged to make reparations to me...? Who owes me...? There is certainly a charge of guilt to be made, long overdue. But it doesn't belong to me. It belongs somewhere, and to something else." That's as near as she gets to nailing the guilty men, or women, or images, or, ooh heck, *anything*. Her prose consequently has a severe problem with *agency*.

Who's doing all these bad things? She ain't got the foggiest. Women go shopping, she says, because "somehow, somewhere, someone must have figured out that they will buy more things if they are kept in the self-hating, ever-failing, hungry and sexually insecure state of being aspiring 'beauties'." Let's go get 'em! Her sentences fudge away. "The beauty myth was perfected to checkmate power at every level in individual women's lives" — perfected by whom? "If this society really cared about women's health, it would ease up on the beauty myth" — and it'd come over for tea more often too.

"How might women act beyond the myth?" she asks on the last page. We're agog. Weary, but agog. Suddenly, she becomes decisive. She writes: "Who can say." No question mark. It's a confession that might usefully have come a little earlier. On the jacket, for example.

Books & Bookmen

THE POINT is not that this year's Booker Prize shortlist of six novels is stultifyingly dull and unimaginative, which it is, but that this has been a bad year for fiction.

No year, perhaps, is a good year, but it so happens that quite a few novels worth reading were published during the 1980s (and not all by the inventor of the Booker Prize, Tom Maschler of Cape, whose imprint is conspicuous this year by not being represented on the list, although Carmen Callil's Chatto and Windus in the same Random Century building has notched up a brace of titles).

With four authors previously shortlisted (Penelope Fitzgerald, three times, including a win in 1979; Beryl Bainbridge, twice before; Mordecai Richler, once before, way back in 1971; and Brian Moore, twice), and none of them with anything approaching their best book, it might be assumed that the judges have adopted what is now known as the Kingsley Amis principle, making the award, in a bad year for good books, to a writer for his or her *oeuvre* rather than for the workaday, shortlisted title.

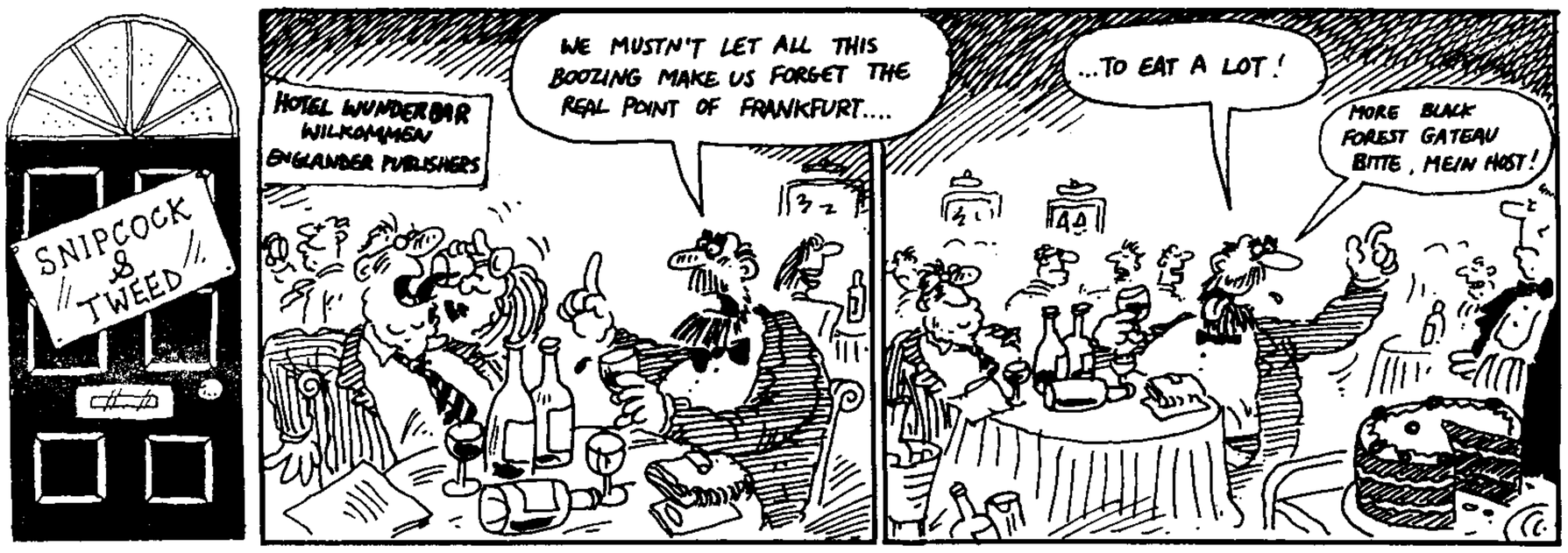
Indeed, innumerable shortlists of equal tedium could have been compiled on the same principle, one including, say, Muriel Spark, Alice Thomas Ellis, Nadine Gordimer, Ian McEwen, Hanif Kureishi and J M Coetzee, another Margaret Forster, Fay Weldon, Anita Brookner, A.N. Wilson, William Boyd and Sir Kingers. Note that all these lists and any others would include three writers of each sex.

In fact the prize is likely to go to one of the newcomers to the shortlist. A.S. Byatt (Antonia to her friends but not to be confused with Antonia Byatt, her daughter, who works for the Arts Council) is the baby of the party, aged 54. Nice to see a *young* novelist up there. Her *Possession* is an earnest, over-written tome of would-be Eng Lit, likely to appeal to the self-reverential Eng Lit brigade. Not, perhaps, to one of the judges though, Hilary Mantel. Or was it a Hilary Mantel unversed in the wiles of the metropolitan literary life who chose in the December 1987 *Literary Review* as her worst book of the decade *Sugar and Other Stories* ("Life is too short to read these stories") by one A.S. Byatt?

John McGahern, aged 56, should win though because he's Irish and last year's token Irishman, John Banville, didn't, and because McGahern's *Amongst Women* happens to be easily the best of the shortlisted books. If he does, the scenes of jubilation and debauchery at the Faber and Faber table at the Guildford prizegiving will be revolting to observe on television, with chairman Matthew Evans (the only male present not wearing black tie) smirking, editorial director Robert McCrum (who has nonchalantly just returned to Queen's Square having finished a new novel that other publishers are rushing not to be offered) clutching everyone in sight, and publicist Joanna Mackle having her ludicrous new hat removed from her head and purloined as a souvenir as Fabber authors will have won three years in a row: last year with Ishiguru, the year before with Peter Carey. Maddening, smug publishing house though Fabber is, it continues to publish a very classy list.

■ *NICK HERN's dismissal, together with that of his entire staff and his eponymous imprint from chateau Walker Books by the increasingly glum St Sebastian, has been reported. Hern's playwright authors are waiting to see where the nimble Nick turns for sanctuary. In the last couple of years Walker, known in his Vauxhall offices as Saddam Insane, has taken to purging his staff. The current Who's Who declares that the exceedingly high-powered Kate Mortimer has been chief executive, Walker Books since 1988. Not so. Saddam arranged for the contents of Kate's office to be delivered to her own flat when she was on holiday last year together with a note requesting her never to return to the office. She had been injudicious enough to disagree with Saddam as to the correct interpretation of an auditor's report. She now advises HM Government on its Eastern European policy.*

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
HOTEL WUNDERBAR
WILKOMMEN
ENGLANDER PUBLISHERS
WE MUSTN'T LET ALL THIS BOOZING MAKE US FORGET THE REAL POINT OF FRANKFURT....
...TO EAT A LOT!
MORE BLACK FOREST GATEAU BITTE, MEIN HOST!

Energy

Privatisation on parade

EVEN MORE evidence has emerged that the driving force behind the Government's energy policy is the need to make profits from privatisation, rather than attend to the needs of the planet.

For while hoping that the world's largest gas-fired power station will be built on already polluted Teesside — it will belch four million tonnes of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere every year — the Government is busy putting up obstacles to the use of wind and other renewable sources that could produce clean energy.

Last week John "absolute disaster" Wakeham's energy department gave consent to only one-sixth of the "clean" schemes that were expected to be authorised to supply the electricity grid. The department agreed to projects with a combined output of just 102 megawatts, after previously indicating that it would authorise 600 megawatts — already a tiny amount.

Those hoping to build windparks do not want to be exempt from public inquiries, nor do they seek special favours. They just want to be able to compete with gas on equal terms. Instead, they must overcome the Government's imposition of "the eight-year rule" — a stipulation by Brussels that electricity can be reduced in price to the public for eight years only.

This was introduced to enable nuclear power to be sold to the privatised sector at a reasonable price. But the time limit has also been imposed on the new, experimental technologies that need help to get started.

The rule means that anyone building a windpark, for example, would have to repay capital within eight years. In such a capital-intensive venture, there is little hope of doing so. Renewable energy stations only become profitable later because their "fuel" — wind, tide and wave — is free. Gas turbines are cheap to build but have to pay for their fuel which will become increasingly expensive.

This does not concern the City, which wants a quick buck, nor the Government, which knows that it can have an extension of the eight-year rule from Brussels if it asks but is indifferent to the problems of new sources which challenge the energy establishment.

Mr Stephen Andrews, of the Association of Independent Electricity Producers, said: "This is a government bowing to pressure from the regional electricity companies" (RECs, pronounced *wrecks*). They are due to be the first wave for privatisation and are the easiest to sell. They send out meter readers, collect the bills and run high street shops selling fridges and microwaves. Even with this easy lap, though, the Government will probably be unable to find buyers for the whole package and will have to retain nearly half in the public sector.

Meanwhile on Teesside the Government is hoping to override strong opposition to the building of the world's largest gas-fired power station in the grounds of an ICI chemicals factory at Wilton, near Middlesbrough. An American firm, Enron, is hoping to build it at a cost of £700 million. It will have an output of 1,725 megawatts, with 15 per cent going to the ICI plant and the rest sold to four privatised electricity distributors for sale to the public at a profit.

The projected emissions of carbon dioxide were calculated for the *Eye* by gas specialist Dr Max Wallis, of Cardiff University, assuming 45 per cent efficiency (which is at the top end for a combined cycle gas turbine plant) and 60 per cent availability. The stations is, of course, intended as part of the Government's plan to use "clean" gas as a solution to pollution.

Opposition to it centres on the fear of an accidental release of chemicals or a gas explosion. The Health and Safety Executive's response has been that if there were a gas explosion, the worst result would be some windows being blown out of nearby homes. As the standing advice to locals in the event of a chemical leak is to shut their windows, this is hardly reassuring.

The power station is exactly the sort of issue which ought to be considered by a public enquiry. But the Department of the Environment says there will not be one because in 1946, when the country was desperate to provide jobs for returning servicemen, ICI was granted an Instrument of Consent, permitting it to do whatever it liked on the site, without public scrutiny, for industrial and chemical purposes.

Environmentalists are expected to challenge this because ICI is planning to use only one-sixth of the output for such purposes.

Finance

RAI of hope

RODERICK Alexander Innes (RAI) Hamilton has found a niche for himself at the MI Group, despite his financial past.

Last autumn he was censured by FIMBRA, the authority that regulates and monitors the share dealing industry, and was forced to relinquish control of his firm, Tudorbury Securities.

Yet in February this year Hamilton's old mate from the insurance business, Trevor Deaves, brought Hamilton into the MI Group (formerly the Porchester Group) as a consultant to work within its newly-established investment management department.

Richard Patterson, who was managing director of the investment management subsidiary, was anxious to maintain a clean image with IMRO, the regulatory authority covering this field of financial services. All members of the department have to be registered with IMRO and have to fill in questionnaires about their past activities that are filed with IMRO. Because Hamilton was simply a consultant, he did not require IMRO registration.

In fact IMRO had no knowledge (and still has no knowledge) of his presence in the organisation. Based at 91 Wimpole Street, where the MI Group's investment management department is located, Hamilton is separated from other members of the department. Richard Patterson, who resigned in May over the issue of Hamilton's involvement with the company, banned him from using the same office as IMRO-registered staff. He now occupies a separate office behind a partition wall with a separate telephone line and his old secretary/PA from Tudorbury days.

Clive Warburn, the department's IMRO compliance officer and himself an ex-IMRO official, is apparently unconcerned at Hamilton's presence, even though the department manages investments, either directly or indirectly, for the MI Group's 300,000-odd insurance policy holders and other clients.

Hamilton is not the only unsavoury element in the investment management department of the MI Group. Also there, though IMRO-approved, is Jeff Braysich, an Australian who was censured for share pushing by the Perth stock exchange.

Meanwhile Hamilton's old firm, Tudorbury Securities, which changed its name to Alexander Securities after being roasted by FIMBRA last year, has finally been closed down. The managing director Bernard Grant, formerly the company's FIMBRA compliance officer, was suspended by the owners for some peculiar dealings in Poddington stock.

When FIMBRA was told it decided to suspend Alexander Securities permanently. The dealing teams have now gone to firms like Lancashire & Yorkshire and UK & General. And a novel called *The Survivors* by a former Tudorbury dealer Alexander Davidson (author of *The City Share Pushers*), contains a character called John Falmouth and a firm called England Securities. Any resemblance to persons or businesses, living or dead, is of course purely coincidental.

Olympic Games

Canal fixation

BEHIND THE instantly forgettable hype that surrounded Manchester's unsuccessful bid to stage the 1996 Olympics lies a tale of brazen entrepreneurial spirit to which even the city's be-whiskered Victorian cotton merchants would have had to tip their stove-pipe hats.

While the local glory has gone to Manchester Olympic committee chairman Bob Scott, the economic benefits will be reaped by a little-known Isle-of-Man property tycoon called John Whittaker. Through his companies Highams, Peel Holdings, Great Hey Investments and Largs Ltd, his will soon be the most powerful voice in west Manchester.

Manchester's Olympic bid was put together with a mere £3m backing, which included an "undisclosed" sum from Peel. Surprisingly, the Manchester committee proposed to concentrate the action in an Olympic city which would be built over a rubbish dump and sewage works in the boroughs of Salford and Trafford. The site, euphemistically renamed Barton Cross from its traditional name of Dumplington Park, lies on the banks of the area's once proud but now rotting commercial artery, the Manchester Ship Canal.

But ordinary Mancunians are still wondering why the committee chose an obscure out-of-town plot served by one car-choked motorway with its never-ending roadworks when it could just as easily have picked equally-derelict east Manchester as the designated Olympic site.

Indeed, the fact that east Manchester is council-owned land would have been of immeasurable benefit to the city's near-bankrupt coffers. The city has already spent £9m clearing the area of its industrial legacy, the site is already integrated into the inter-city rail network and by 1996 it will be as well served by motorway as the banks of the Ship Canal. It's ironic that the much-heralded Manchester bid should have been produced with so little of direct benefit to, er, Manchester. Could one imagine Atlanta, having won the nomination for 1996, handing over the entire show to nearby Chattanooga save for a couple of football matches and a handful of sports?

The key to this odd paradox is the Ship Canal company itself, which owns the land earmarked for the Manchester Games.

By the 1980s the company was a dying giant. The canal from Manchester to Runcorn was set to close, much to the embarrassment of the city which had shed so much sweat to forge its link with the high seas.

From nowhere Whittaker's Highams began buying up shares in the ailing firm. It was not easy. The shares were widely scattered, held by overseas groups, descendants of the canal's original builders and doddery old businessmen who hadn't completed a deal since the docks closed.

To complicate matters, power within the canal company was tapered so that a majority of the shares did not necessarily imply a majority of the votes. With ingenious acumen Highams canvassed support, woke up the sleeping partners, brushed aside the complaints at a succession of emergency general meetings from geriatric lady shareholders about the state of the bogs at the Free Trade Hall and put the wind up the woefully impotent canal old guard which included ex-*Telegraph* family heirloom Nicholas Berry.

Only one body stood in the way of Whittaker's gaining complete control — Manchester City Council. Historically, the city had enjoyed a majority of canal board directors, as well as the right to control the company's external borrowing, thanks to the time when it bailed out the ailing company from bankruptcy at the turn of the century with a set of loans totalling £7m.

The city was in a powerful position when Manchester began competing for the British Olympic nomination, especially in light of Whittaker's eventual canal ambitions — to build a multi-million pound

American-style shopping city, guaranteed to spirit millions of pounds of trade away from Manchester's nearby regional retail centre.

The city's response to the Whittaker challenge has been little short of remarkable. In 1987 council leader Graham Stringer roundly condemned Highams' canal takeover plans: "We have reason to feel that some people may have been tricked into signing Higham's forms in the last few years," he told journalists. Yet once Highams had assumed virtual control, Stringer went through a 180° turn and signed a deal with the canal board giving up the city's control of the ship canal board, relinquishing its majority of directors and, astonishingly, taking back its original £5m debenture loan, *excluding up to £100m interest gathered over the previous 80-odd years!*

Ironically, the deal the city signed with the canal company gave it £3m to develop a new, joint venture company to revitalise east Manchester. Imagine the current value of the council-owned east Manchester land had *it* been chosen as the Olympic site, instead of Ship Canal land.

Should the environment secretary now decide that he doesn't like John Whittaker's face after all, and should Manchester drop its naive Olympic obsession and concentrate on something it can win, like the European Cup, just think how much money the Ship Canal Company could get for selling the land where the games would have been staged.

Nuclear waste

Unhip flask

BRITISH Nuclear Fuels' plan to recover much of the cost of its £1,850 million thermal oxide reprocessing plant at Sellafield by treating spent nuclear fuel from West Germany could fall foul of a largely unremarked motion passed at the recent Trades Union Congress.

The motion, moved by the National Union of Marine, Aviation and Shipping Transport Officers (Numast), called for an immediate end to the importation of irradiated nuclear fuel on roll-on roll-off ferries. BNFL's £800 million contract to reprocess 1,600 tonnes of such fuel from seven West German nuclear power stations would require 55 fuel flasks to be shipped over on ferries from Calais to Dover every year from 1995 to 2005.

It is a cheap and convenient way to move the flasks. The rail wagons on which they are mounted are simply rolled on to the vessel and off on to the tracks at the other end. Numast considers, however, that this mode of transport is unsafe for such lethal cargo and that irradiated fuel should only be moved on purpose-designed ships.

Such vessels have to be loaded and unloaded by cranes. The spent fuel flasks weigh 100 or 120 tonnes each, while the port of Dover has no dockside cranes that can lift more than 40 tonnes. The transport officers' move will therefore rule out the Calais-Dover route for the fuel.

The ships would almost certainly have to sail half way around Great Britain to Barrow-in-Furness instead, where the flasks could be loaded on to rail wagons for the 40-mile journey to Sellafield.

The point of departure could be even more problematic. The obvious port would be Hamburg. However, that city's council is fiercely green — it refused to allow the roads to be gritted in winter because the salt damages trees — and would certainly oppose any attempt to shift irradiated nuclear fuel through the city limits with extreme prejudice. Similar, if not quite so vehement, opposition could be expected at any of the alternative ports.

The substantial increase in transport costs and the prospect of a further confrontation with its powerful environmental lobby may well persuade the West German nuclear industry that it is no longer worth its while to pass its dirty work over to BNFL. It might be considerably cheaper to give it to the French. In which case, BNFL will have to think up another ruse to justify the expense of its THORP white elephant.

In the City

JASON DAVIES, whose career as a stockbroker took off once he joined Asil Nadir and discovered Polly Peck's wondrous stock market qualities, was not spotted as a high-flyer who would come to own a Swiss mansion and a jetset lifestyle when he worked in the City.

Davies started out at Vickers da Costa, a firm which was high on Polly Peck and other Turkish delights like Bellair and Harold Ingram first time around in the early eighties.

He moved on from there to A.J. Bekhor which, before its demise earlier this year, was home to the market's biggest army of half-commission men. Alas Davies would appear to have moved a little too close to the fire.

The story is that certain private clients failed to pay when the shares they had dealt in through Davies zigged instead of zagged. The result was a nasty £100,000 hole which did not exactly enamour the young Davies to Jonathan Bekhor, who insisted he pay the bad debt personally from future commission.

It was about this time, or soon thereafter, that Davies, perhaps through the good offices of his friend Birol Nadir, Asil's eldest son, obtained employment at South Audley Management, which acts for Nadir on private business matters. The rest, as they say, is history — and the subject of the current Serious Fraud Office investigation.

At SAM, formed in mid-1987, Davies worked under Elizabeth Forsyth, who some months earlier had left Citibank where she handled Asil Nadir's personal account.

This Elizabeth Forsyth should under no circumstances be confused with the lady of the same name whose husband was jailed for fraud after syphoning more than £23,000 from a family trust fund where he was trustee. Hamish Forsyth's counsel said that Forsyth gave his wife up to £1,500 a week to spend. Money went on a large house, horses, ponies, a car and school fees.

Forsyth, who pleaded guilty, obtained money from the fund with the aid of forged cheques and bogus letters of authority. Most of this went into his wife's account. This other Elizabeth Forsyth denied any involvement in the fraud. Mr Justice Simon Brown jailed Hamish Forsyth for 18 months.

It is most unfortunate and entirely unjustified if, through a mere coincidence of name, Elizabeth Forsyth of SAM should be confused with this other unrelated Elizabeth Forsyth and Hamish Forsyth with whom she of course has absolutely no connection or knowledge.

THE AWARD for best-timed advice by an investment analyst is likely to be hard to deny this or perhaps any year to Philip Dorgan of Goldman Sachs. Goldman Sachs are market makers in Polly Peck and no doubt possible candidates for a role in any US spin-off. Not that such considerations would influence their or Dorgan's judgement.

On 12 September he sent out a circular on Polly Peck under the confident slogan: "Back to the real world. Value + earnings momentum = Buy". The shares were then 260p.

"We believe that the market is taking an unnecessarily cataclysmic view... The recent collapse in the share price has therefore provided a potential opportunity for the 'value orientated' investor... We would adopt a strategy of being particularly aggressive in picking up stock on days when the bears hold sway."

Such was the wisdom and foresight of Philip Dorgan. Well, he was at least on the money with one comment. "It would certainly be helpful if the government bodies rumoured to be about to investigate the company's affairs were to clarify their intentions."

Nine days later his wish was answered. Nadir attended a three-hour heart to heart at the SFO. Polly Peck shares, over 460p in August, were suspended at 108p after crashing from 243p that day as word spread of the SFO investigation.

MEANWHILE the award for loyalty under fire will be equally hard to deny to Michael Walters of the *Daily Mail*, who ever since he was converted from critic to believer has supported Nadir and Polly Peck with true Islamic fervour.

Even the day after the suspension he was in there pitching: "Polly Peck shares look absurdly low on any rational assessment of the company's value, with or without Asil Nadir."

But then the otherwise rational Walters, often a hammer of the ungodly on behalf of small shareholders, was tipping Polly Peck shares earlier this year at over 400p.

Like Ayatollah Asil and his share-buying, perhaps convert Walters prefers the martyr's death and his place in Polly Peck paradise.

DOUBTLESS the entire violin section of the London Symphony Orchestra will be on duty with massed choirs to sing the praises of Sir Jack Lyons when he appears before Mr Justice Henry this week at Southwark Crown Court to be sentenced for his role in the illegal Guinness share support operation.

Hopefully the judge, music lover or not, will not be moved by "tears to shed" tales of Lyons' good works or the mountain of medical certificates produced to heart-tugging background music. Jack Lyons may have done good for others but he did most good for himself.

There was also no sign of the selective and highly convenient amnesia which beset him once the DTI was on the case from December 1986 when he was hustling on Guinness's behalf only months before. He played a key role in negotiating both his own and Tony Parnes' fees that were "too big to be honest" and provided the offshore bank accounts in Geneva which enabled them to be "tax efficient" as far as income tax and VAT were concerned until the whistle was blown.

As all this went down when Lyons was 70, it would in the normal course of events seem no reason why he should not, four years later, join the Ford Musketeers — Parnes, Ronson and Saunders. But as the world knows, helped by sympathetic words such as those in the *Sunday Express*, Lyons has cancer and has undergone a number of recent operations.

So even if the trio's all too short, sharp shock in Brixton may be off the agenda, Lyons surely still deserves an equivalent punishment for equivalent guilt, despite the appeals, tears and violins, likely to be orchestrated by his counsel Robert Harman QC.

Mr Justice Henry clearly has a soft spot for charitable work. It at least halved Ronson's sentence. But he also knows the value of money. He fined Ronson £5 million which equalled the payment he received from Guinness and repaid. Lyons received £3 million-plus. He only gave back £1.9 million. If prison is not appropriate, then a £3 million fine might be held to fit the crime.

EARLIER this month the Stock Exchange was informed that John Netherwood, a director of plant hire group Allied Partnership, had sold 59,000 shares at 46p. Nothing unusual in that, you might say. And you would be wrong.

For starters the sale had taken place on 3 August. Share transactions by directors in their company should be notified within three days.

Secondly, Allied shares by the day of the announcement, 14 September, were 27p off the back of the news nine days before that half-time profits had slumped and business continued to decline. Directors are not supposed to deal in shares close to any price sensitive announcement.

Of course it is possible that Netherwood, the largest shareholder on the board, was not aware of the upcoming figures for the six months to June or current prospects. This is particularly so as he would appear to no longer work for the company. His former office says he has "emigrated to America" and is now working in Phoenix. That has also not yet been announced.

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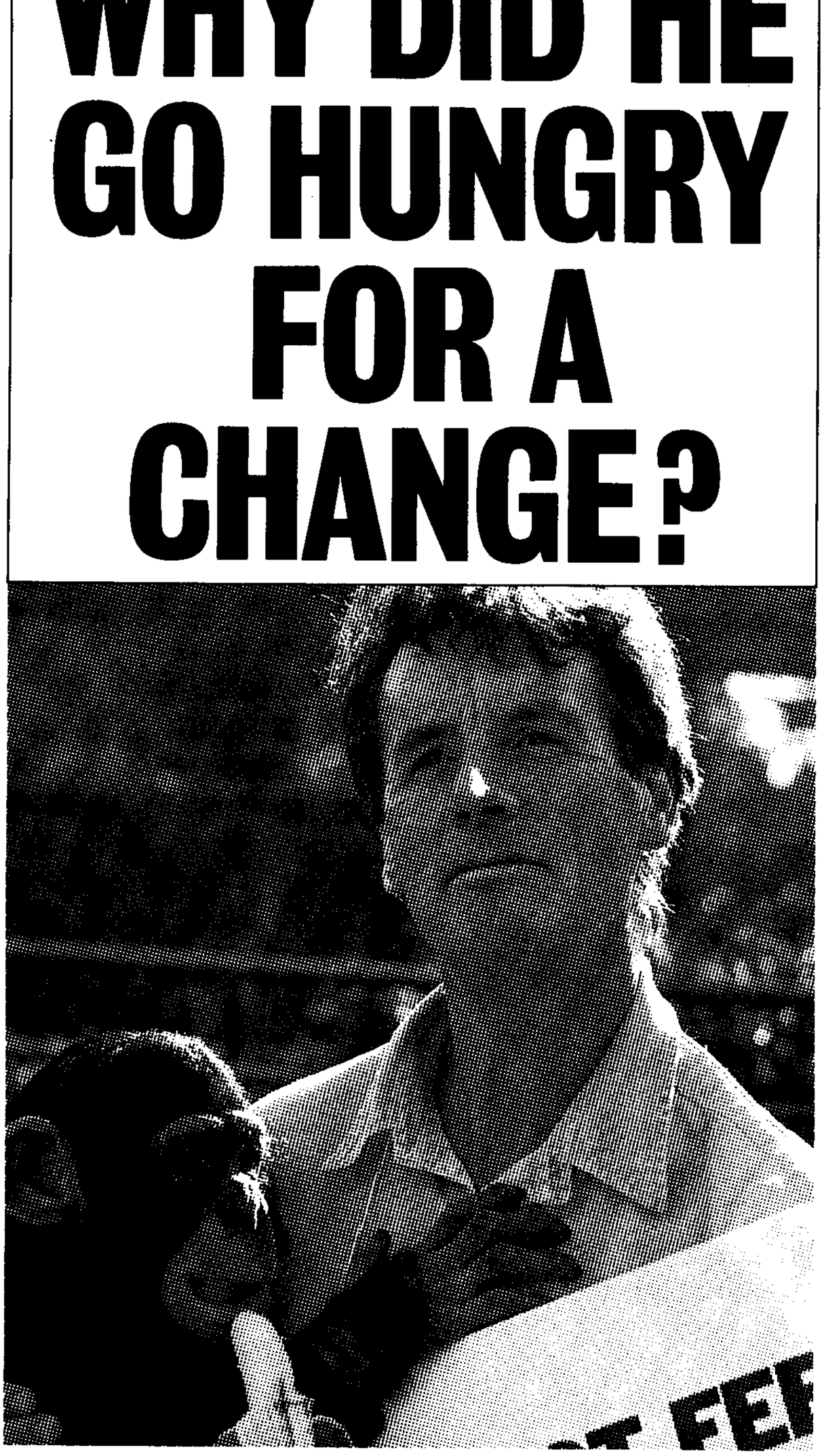

Michael Palin (he's the one on the right) monkeyed around with a friend during Oxfam's Hungry For Change Fast. He joined thousands who got themselves sponsored to go without food – for a few hours or a day – to help the hungry and poor. This year, we're aiming to raise £½ million – vital funding to help victims of war and apartheid in southern Africa. Fill in the coupon or ring 0865 56916 for your free Fast Pack on how to join in.

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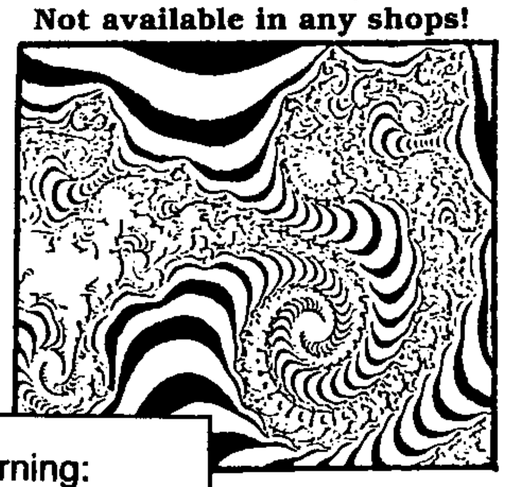

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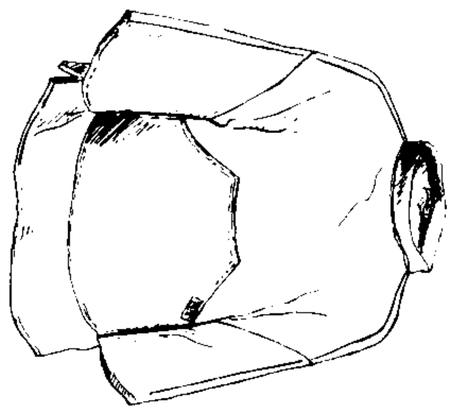

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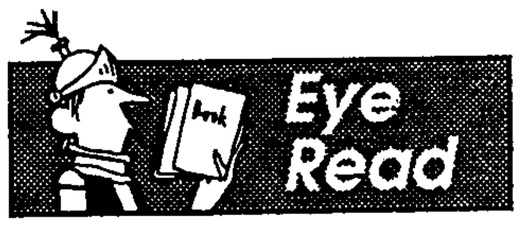

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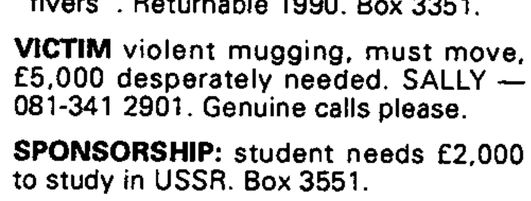

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PERSON TO PERSON — the singles magazine just for you. Stamp brings sample: Dept PE/1, PO Box 4, Goring RG8 9DN.

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ASIAN INTRODUCTIONS. Tel: 0533 610266.

ORIENTAL ladies seek gentlemen for friendship and marriage. Send SAE for details to MISS S. OUNBAN, G80, PO Box 100, Reigate, Surrey RH2 8YX.

YUMMY, stylish, saucy sort sought, mid thirties, C/W London, by singular, solvent, successful chap, mid forties. Box 5451.

SMART MALE, 45, (successful own business) seeks lady (age/status unimportant) for mutually satisfying dates, occasional business trips. Only requirements, sensual feminine dresser. Total discretion assured. Yorkshire/Humberside area. Box 5551.

SUCCESSFUL ARTIST, academic, 38, 5'8", easy-going, presentable, culture-vulture, wine-buff seeks Lolita, Mrs Robinson. London/South East. Box 5651.

SINGLE, TALL, attractive, humorous, unconventional, 40s male, now domiciled S.E. seeks warm, affectionate lady with joie de vivre to share laughter, love, perhaps life. Photo and/or descriptive letter appreciated. Box 5751.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, (39) seeks slim lady for discreet fun and friendship. Photo please. Box 5851.

UNCOMPLICATED North London male, 34, seeks mature lady, married or single, for occasional unbridled excitement. Box 5951.

"WHATEVER HAPPENED to Lindow Pete?" Attractive Wilmslow woman, 39, seeks normal, unattached man with good legs and compass to discover Cheshire secrets. Box 6051.

DIRECTOR, 39, divorced, attractive, humorous, intelligent, reasonably prosperous, seeks sophisticated, invigorating female company. Scottish based with London flat. Photo please. Box 6151.

DEAR Box No. 15336, March 90. How did I miss your advert? Would dearly like to meet you. Me being a fit, lively, late 40s and keen to escape from a stale marriage, if only on occasions. Discretion assured. A long letter and photo please. Box 6251.

Only 6 issues to Christmas! Book a series of ads for big discounts!

THE MARCHES. Attractive but shy married lady, 46, seeks someone to leave home for. Similar situation/divorced. Serious offers only. Discretion at first. Non-smoker. Box 3951.

DEFINITELY FEMALE, in looks, mind and attitude, she needs a man who is 40+, unmarried, interesting, supportive and solvent. West London. Phone no. and photo (returned). Box 4051.

EMOTIONALLY deprived man, 43, seeks lady similar situation to share problem. London and S.E. Box 4151.

CELIBATE masochist seeks attractive female to frustrate me. Box 4251.

SUCCESSFUL professional man, sporty, naughty, forty, London based, seeks attractive classy lady, flirty, skirty, thirties, for fun outings and mutually discreet mischief! Box 4351.

BLUE EYES, tall, curvaceous and young desires gentleman for champagne dinners. Box 4451.

SURREY bored male (27) handsome, 5'7", seeks bored female, 30-50 for afternoon excitement. Married/single. Box 4551.

FARMER RICHARD would dearly love, dearly love, delightful Annie of Croydon to write!

CIVILISED, professional male (32), 6'3", seeks pretty female (18-40) for discreet, mutual pleasures. London. Box 4651.

CARING, cynical, sporty, humorous, professional male (22) seeks similar, shy, slim female (18-24) for long/permanent, caring, physical relationship. Photo appreciated. (London). Box 4751.

TIRED OF that old routine? Professional male, 45, married, seeks similar female (or younger) for discreet romance. Central/S.E. London. Box 4851.

RUMPOLE, 33, seeks she who must be obeyed. Box 4951.

VERY FRIENDLY male cuddly toy, 24, sits snoozing on pillow in Docklands waiting for 24-27 yr, tall, beautiful female with suffocating bear hug. Photo helps. Box 5051.

BROADMINDED MALE, thirty, muscular, athletic, seeks lady artist. Will pose and share fun. Box 5151.

YOUNG GUY, avec brain, seeks similar gal, not adverse to walks, talks, travel, bright lights and quiet nights, and poodlesticks. Box 5251.

"BACHELOR in Paradise" — Bob Hope film, 1961, wants to be "Husband in Paradise" — any takers? 37 year old professional, home loving and country lover. Interests include walking and the cinema. Photo please. Box 5351.

FUNNY KIND of woman wants kind, funny man. Box 6351.

EXCEPTIONAL, sloanish good looks, 42, tall, well-off, educated, married, seeks very attractive, tall woman, married, 30s, for discreet, safe relationship. Box 6451.

SHY LONDON graduate, professional male, thirtyish, seeks attractive female for discreet relationship. Box 6551.

EMOTIONALLY MATURE, happy, tall, slim, 35, intelligent woman seeks similar man, South London, Hants. Photo please. Box 6651.

MALE FROG, academic, 24, seeks frogess/princess for mutual cuddles and intelligent conversation. West Midlands. Box 6751.

HUMOROUS LADY, early 50s, own business, loves Italian food, music, countryside, driving, conversation. Seeks similar gentleman for happy friendship. Photo please. Box 6851.

PHILANTHROPIC gentleman, 58, seeks girl, any age, who wishes to explore her hitherto unrevealed fantasies in a strictly loving and totally trustworthy atmosphere. Anywhere. Box 6951.

HANDSOME, amusing, Green, upper class chap, 35, with PhD, seeks beautiful girl with brains, red nails and a XXX like a peach. Box 7051.

EDUCATED BLOKE, 34, seeks naughty married lady for occasional liaisons. Discretion and humour assured. Box 7151.

LONELY London lady, eclectic, funny, sensible, divorced, 45, children grown, seeks friendly, educated, experienced, unattached gentleman. Box 7251.

MALE, Oxbridge, 32, seeks humorous female for friendship leading to sincere relationship. Box 7351.

MALE, 32, needs cosmopolitan female for stable, loyal relationship. London weekdays, country weekends. Should prefer to feed, not eat ducks. Equally at home greyhound racing as lunching at the Savoy. Children, racial minority, overseas nationality welcome. Box 7451.

ALLEGEDLY good-looking, optimistic male, 32, successful in business but not uncultured, seeks attractive, positive lady, 24/34, for friendship, frolics and fresh experiences. Photo and letter reciprocated. Kent/London. Box 7551.

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CULTURED, cosmopolitan, caring, professional lady (45) with charisma seeks similar, sophisticated, sincere, sensitive, sporty gentleman for genuine relationship (over 5'10", under 52) London/Home Counties. Telephone, photo if possible please. Box 7651.

LADY WANTS male, strong and supportive. She warm, giving, feminine. Box 7751.

GORGEOUS MALE 29, wacky and unconventional seeks wealthy lady for fun and friendship. London area. Box 7851.

WRITER, lecturer, Jewish, 5'6", sportive, seeks attractive, educated female, 28-35. Box 7951.

FREE BOX seats. Covent Garden to 2 late 30s/early 40s discerning, educated, fun-loving, preferably wealthy opera-appreciative gentleman, willing to escort 2 stylish, attractive, intelligent, professional women. Dinner afterwards? Interesting replies and operatic pretences please. Box 5548.

MAN, 32, seeks lady who needs baby, but not partner, and would like to get pregnant. No strings. Phone number and photo. Kent, London, S.E. England. Box 3751.

GREEN LEANINGS, creative pursuits, bright 40s female seeks friendly man to share these and more. Box 9751.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, sane, sensual, divorced woman, 45, with children seeks symbiotic relationship with good man of integrity. S. Yorks base. Box 9851.

INEXPERIENCED male student, 20, seeks female for sexual education. South West area. Discretion assured. Box 9951.

LEFT-WING, anti-establishment professional, mid/late 20s, can't stand classical music or classical people, seeks girlfriend. Not as interested in looks or occupation as someone who is interesting and deep. Midlands. Box 10051.

ARE YOU Desperately Seeking Susan? Susan is desperately seeking a tall, solvent, sensitive, single man (30-40) with sense of humour for fun relationship. Photo please. Box 10151.

EXTREMELY fortunate, ex-pat, investor, 6ft, single etc. Often back in South East England, would love his emotions in motion with English rose of around 20, almost half his age. Girlish attributes such as easy laughter, mane of hair or vulnerable elegance likely to inspire true chivalry. Much appreciated also, photo and phone. Box 10451.

PISSED OFF professional, early 40s, can't hack justifying own existence any longer has launched own business and would like to meet slim and witty female preferably a little younger for usual reasons. 500 mile radius Mid Anglia. Box 10551.

PROFESSIONAL MALE (39), seeks Indian lady. Correspond then meet anywhere. Box 10651.

UNATTACHED, often humorous male academic, 30, seeks older girlfriend. Said to be attractive to women — I don't know. S.E. area. Box 10751.

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GENEVA. Englishman, 40, unattached, attractive, would like to amuse and romance pretty, warm, humorous woman, 25-40, in Geneva, France and Italy. Letter, photo and phone number appreciated and reciprocated. Confidentiality guaranteed. Box 8051.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, virile female who is quiet, mature, affectionate, monogamous, sought by male equivalent for romance, passion, love. Me: 23, North. You: anywhere, under 30. Box 8151.

SINGLE MALE, 30, competent, cook, babysitter and dog-walker, seeks attractive woman, 23/35 to disprove theory that all woman are attached, or have headaches. S.E. based, but equipped with car, map and sleeping bag. Box 8251.

ABSOLUTE CORKER of a girl, 34; brilliant looks, good brain, fun personality, happy and healthy, strong and sexy, seeks "sorted", loving, charming beau for loyal and lasting relationship. Optimism, open-mindedness and good humour essential. Continental men particularly welcome. Photo please. London/South. Box 8351.

TALL, HANDSOME, lonely male, 19, educated, sporty, good job, seeks attractive female for a fun, romantic relationship. Essex/London area. Photo appreciated. Box 8451.

GENUINE, intelligent, attractive but shy divorced man, 35, seeks affectionate woman with shared need for gentle, caring relationship. W. London. Photo? Box 8551.

PROFESSIONAL, attractive, independent female, thirtysomething, seeks 40ish, tall, stylish, unattached, successful businessman with everything but girl. Box 8651.

9½ WEEKS, Mickey Rourke (hardly) 31 seeks genuine, caring Kim Bassinger (maybe), 25-50, for wining, dining, bonking, romance. Interested? Photo please. Box 8751.

SLIM, 6ft male, 38 with own hair, skilful and kind lover, seeks a passionate affair with married or unmarried woman, day or night. East Anglia. Box 8851.

AMUSING LAWYER, 1948 "Premier Cru", solvent, neither fat, bald, ugly, serious nor boring, marriage terminally sterile, seeks stylish, intelligent lady, 28-40ish, for mutual rejuvenation course involving dinners, theatres, drinks and developments(?). Photo guarantees reply. East Midlands, but can travel. Box 8951.

ATTRACTIVE, slim, friendly, romantic man, 34, married but lonely, seeks similar humorous, non-smoking woman for friendship and mutual solace. Photo appreciated. S/E or East. Box 9051.

EAST SURREY, professional male, 34, seeks intelligent lady for sincere, long term relationship. Box 9151.

CAN YOU make me laugh in bed, shower me with diamonds, be a great friend for warm, clever, beautiful brunette? Box 9251.

THINKING BLONDE seeks intelligent, humorous male, 36+, to show her London. Box 9351.

ABRUPTLY RELEASED, statuesque, professional male, 28, seeks voluptuous maiden. Herts, or will play away. Flattering photo, please. Box 9451.

SCOTSMAN babyboomer in Thailand longs for contact with Scots lady with warm personality, charm and bright, dry humour. Box 9551.

FUN LOVING, independent, professional woman, 36, seeks high calibre, professional man for theatre, ballet, opera, balls, friendship. London area. Box 9651.

FRIENDS seek great guy for cosmopolitan, tall graduate woman friend, 38. Interests — the arts, travel, walking. Based London/Devon. Box 10251.

ATTRACTIVE, fragrant, sensible woman, 30s/40s sought by tall, discreet, humorous, professional man, 30s, tired of adjectives — Let's meet! Yorkshire. Box 10351.

I LOVE my family but my wife has adopted celibacy. I am not into "prowling" and need a friend for discreet liaisons. Regarded as good looking, 38, successful, Avon based but also in Edinburgh. Photo/letter please. Box 11551.

SUSSEX CHAP, twenties with wit, verve and bicycle, seeks lady to draw the warm, caring and affectionate adjectives out of him. Box 10851.

ARE YOU a tall, slim, intelligent man, 25-35? An elegant, blonde graduate (29) is waiting to hear from you... (Photo appreciated.) Box 10951.

CREATIVE, artistic male, 36, seeks similar (unpretentious) female for friendship/relationship. Strathclyde. Box 11051.

LADY FRIEND sought for wining, dining and mutual evening relaxation by lighthearted, discreet, loosely-attached (no sneaky glances at my watch - promise!), professional male, 39, 5'10", Virgo. You: career/age?? Intelligent, smoke tolerant. Photo appreciated. (London/M4/East Anglia). Box 11151.

SHE CHEWED her pen. He sounded nice, gentle, different. "Amusing, attentive, creative, successful..." Pity about his age (55), although maturity has certain advantages. Wants "a comely, warm-hearted, interesting woman 30-45". Is that me? Checking her photograph again, she... Box 11251.

GRAUNIAD eyeballer, reserved, bookish, cuddly, single, 37, into arts, writing, psychotherapy, esoterica, seeks kinky (Jewish?) London lady. Box 11351.

SINCERE ASIAN, 39, professional, seeks companion/mistress for discreet caring relationship. Photo & telephone no. appreciated. London/ South-East. Box 3851.

BLONDE, brainy and beautiful female, 35, emotionally and financially solvent, seeks male counterpart. Need not be blond. Must send photo & phone number with letter. Box 12051.

FEMALE, 21 (5ft 7in), needs reassuring that not all men are male chauvinist pigs. South Cheshire/North Staffs. Photos appreciated. Box 12151.

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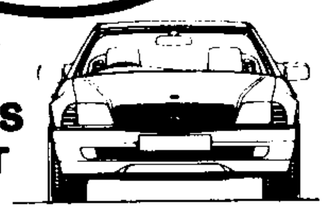

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You do not have to have experience in radio comedy, but you must understand and appreciate the medium and be aware and informed about our output. You will need to show some practical achievement in the entertainment field and to demonstrate a wide knowledge of performers and writers in the area. Good communication skills are vital. You will need to be well-organised and a good team member.

The post will initially be for a one year period. The salary will be between £17,981 and £24,428. (Ref. 2633/VP)

Trainee Producers

We are also looking for trainee Producers to help in the making of our programmes. You will be required to assist producers in the selection and editing of scripted comedy material for ***Week Ending*** and ***The News Huddlines***; to select newspaper cuttings for possible inclusion in ***The News Quiz***; to assist the Script Editor in assessing the potential of speculative comedy scripts and to research material and ideas for our soundtrack programmes, particularly the weekly ***Cinema 2***. You may also be required to work on some of our regular quiz/panel games and generally contribute to the department's output as required.

You must have an enthusiasm for and some knowledge of radio comedy. Practical experience in related entertainment areas would be an advantage.

You will have the opportunity to shadow all our productions during this one year contract and gain the necessary experience to apply for Producer vacancies in the future.

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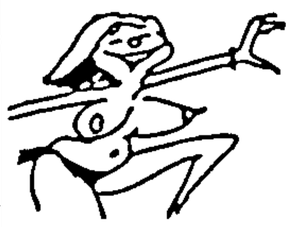

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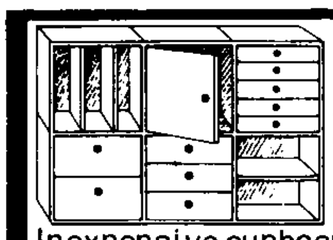

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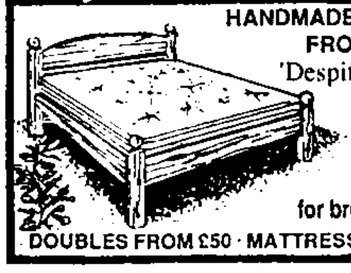

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